



Act 3. Scene 3.

J. G. L. v. d. W. inv. scul.



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J. G. L. v. d. W. inv. scul.

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N A T U R E.

A

C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Magna est VERITAS & praevalabit.



L O N D O N :

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To the Right Honourable the

L A D Y * * *

M A D A M,

I AM afraid it will be deem'd an Act of very great Presumption in me to beg Your LADYSHIP's Protection to the following Ill-fated Scenes; but as it is well known, Madam, that the Destruction was loudly threaten'd before they appeared on the Stage; and as Persons of Your Ladyship's Understanding, and Candor, never take the Measure of their Approbation or Dislike from the Consequences of Prejudice and Clamour, I am convinc'd you will not judge of them from the Treatment they met with there, but from what, upon a Perusal, they shall appear to have deserv'd.

It was said, Madam, by a Gentleman at the Time of this Comedy's being Represented, That he never knew a Play destroy'd with so much Art; its Enemies suffering those Things to pass without Disturbance which were of an indifferent
A Nature,

DEDICATION.

Nature, and not so likely to engage the unprejudic'd Part of the Audience, but giving no Quarter to the Parts which they thought would entertain.

This is certain, Madam, that those Scenes, which in *Paris*, for several Years past, have charm'd the Gay and Polite from all Parts of *Europe*; nay, which lately perform'd in this very Town, in a foreign Tongue, brought together and delighted crowded Audiences, were what they now fell most severely upon, which could be only on the account of their being likely to please most.

But as in *Paris* there is an Academy founded for the Encouragement of Wit and Learning, so in *London*, it is said, there is a Society establish'd for the Demolition of them. Tho' I hope, Madam, this Report is without Foundation, being more willing to think that this Piece suffer'd on account of some particular Prepossession against It, or its Author, than from a Cause which would so severely reflect on our Nation.

I don't presume here to insinuate to your Ladyship, that if this Performance had met with a candid Hearing, it must have had Success; but only that a Hearing was necessary to determine whether it deserv'd Success or not. However, had I not been flatter'd by a great Number of my Friends, many of whom are esteem'd very good Judges, that it was at least a pardonable Fault in its Kind, I should not have dar'd to have laid it at Your Ladyship's Feet.

DEDICATION.

One thing I am certain will plead in its Favour with you, Madam, which is its being free from every thing that is in the least repugnant to the Laws of Virtue and good Manners: On the contrary it has been said by some to have too much of the Grave, Instructive and Moral in it, for Writings of this Nature.

It has been long a general, and too just a Complaint, that the *English* Stage gave great matter of Offence to the serious Part of Mankind, by exhibiting Entertainments which were destructive of true Politeness, Decency and Order; the Author, therefore, of the following Comedy thought he could not better employ his own idle Hours than by attempting such Amusements for those of other People, as might make them prove of Advantage, or at least of no Prejudice to them. The uncommon Success which his former Writings of this kind met with encourag'd him to go on, hoping, at least, to have merited a favourable Hearing to what he should produce for the future; but so greatly was he mistaken, that his Opposers would not be contented with crying down this Piece themselves, but resolv'd that others should not judge whether it pleas'd them or not, by preventing its being perform'd a second Time.

Your Ladyship need not be inform'd that several of our best Plays, such as the *Provok'd Husband*, *The Drummer*, *The Way of the World*, &c. met with the strongest Opposition upon the first Night; but having an Opportunity of appearing a second

DEDICATION.

they obtain'd the Success they so justly deserv'd; and tho' this Play can't, by any means, pretend to come near them in Merit, yet surely it had a Pretence to the same Chance of shifting for it self.

But now, Madam, I should beg your Ladyship's Pardon for having made this *Address* more like a *Preface* than a *Dedication*, were not I convinc'd that you had rather attend to any thing that concerns the Reputation or Interest of another, than to the most just Encomium on Yourself; and that if I had but so much as offer'd to hint at those Graces and Virtues you are universally celebrated for, You would have condemn'd me as guilty of the very Vice I endeavour'd to expose in the Play.

I have, therefore, laid a Check, Madam, on my own Inclinations, which strongly prompted me to so pleasing a Theme, that I might avoid what I am certain would have been contrary to Yours. I am,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's most obedient

Humble Servant.



P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. C I B B E R.

WHEN Fruits and Flow'rs uncultivated lie,
Bare to each blasting Wind, each baleful Sky,
How shou'd they thrive? — No, 'tis the Artist's Care
Must rear their Heads, and make 'em bloom and bear:
So Wit, to ripen and refine, demands
Shelter and Warmth from your indulgent Hands:
'Twixt various Passions toss'd, small Hope, much Fear,
To beg this Boon our Author sends me here;
Freely he owns he dreads to meet his Fate,
And fain would have retreated when too late.
What shall he do? — On You he turns his Eyes,
On your Protection he alone relies;
Hoping that there is no one here who'd aim,
Thro' Wantonness of Heart, to blast his Fame.
Let Nobler Motives swell each Manly Heart,
Not to depress, but cherish drooping Art.

Our Author, still of his own Strength afraid,
Calls in some foreign Forces to his Aid,
Scenes which with Humour, Sense, and Virtue warm'd,
In neighbouring Climes applauding Numbers charm'd:
New to our Stage one Character he draws,
Unskill'd in Science, and unbound by Laws;
A poor untutor'd Savage here you'll find,
Just cloth'd his Body, naked quite his Mind;
Whate'er he speaks flows artless from the Soul,
'Tis Nature dictates, Truth informs the Whole;
A Glass too true, in which we all may see,
Not what we are, but what we ought to be.

But

PROLOGUE.

*But now, if here and there some Faults arise,
 As sure there must ——— view 'em with candid Eyes;
 No String will always give the Sound requir'd,
 Nor Shaft fly faithful to the Point desir'd:
 If on the whole the Fruit be fresh and fair,
 A wither'd Branch, or Leaf, we hope you'll spare.
 A patient Hearing then is all we sue,
 Nay This, you know, to your own Judgment's due,
 For one Line lost may make the Whole appear
 Confusion all, which heard, might all be clear:
 A Hearing's what the greatest Culprits claim,
 He claims not, only humbly hopes the same:
 Well, shall he have it? Generously say;
 Then if you've brought Good-humour to our Play,
 We'll do our Best to entertain To-day.*



Dramatis

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Robin Hood.
The Generous Free-Mason; or, The Constant Lady.
Tumble-down Dick; or, Phaeton in the Suds.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Simon Dupe.

Truemore.

* *Outside, a Parasite.*

Julio, a Savage.

Alphabet, a Bookseller.

Lord Gewgaw.

Jeffery, Servant to Outside.

Jeremy, Servant to Truemore.

Constable.

Mr. Griffin.

Mr. Mills.

Mr. Quin.

Mr. Cibber.

Mr. Turbut.

Mr. Raster.

Mr. Miller.

Mr. Cross.

Mr. Winstone.

W O M E N.

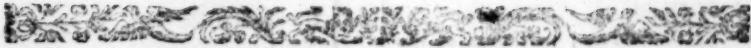
Flaminia, Daughter to Sir Simon.

Violetta, her Maid.

Mrs. Mills.

Mrs. Clive.

* *The Name of Outside was, in the Representation, chang'd to Courtly.*





ART *and* NATURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Room in Sir Simon Dupe's House.*

Enter FLAMINIA and VIOLETTA.

FLAMINIA.

DEAR *Violetta*, afford me a little Consolation, flatter me with some Hopes tho' never so vain, or my Distress will be insupportable. To what severe Extremities am I here reduc'd! Twelve tedious Months are past, since dear *Truemore* was oblig'd to leave me to take possession of an Estate that was left him in the *West-Indies*.

Viol. Good, here the Romance begins— Well, and this, dear *Truemore*, is return'd again it seems, within one Year as good a Man as he went.

Flam. True, after having undergone a Shipwreck, and a thousand other Calamities, he arriv'd in Town last Night I hear.

Viol. Um— that's the Subject of Volume the Second.

Flam. But how, *Violetta*, how is he return'd! alas not to me; my cruel Father, who before his Departure had engag'd me to him, now flies from his Promise, and forbids me to entertain any farther Thoughts of him.

Viol. Ah! if 'twas to end here 'twou'd be a very scurvy Romance indeed; and this is the Cause, I suppose, of the woful puning, sighing, something-nothing way you have been in of late.

B

Flam.

Flam. And Cause, I think, sufficient.

Viol. O, ay—and I am very glad I know it at last; I can now give an Answer to any Body that asks the Reason of it.

Flam. What d'ye mean?

Viol. Why, Madam, when a Secret is generously imparted to me I can keep it so rigidly you'd think I was not of the Sex; but when People are squeamish and reserv'd, if I do unluckily come at the Truth, I'faith I turn true Woman at once, a spiteful Humour is immediately kindl'd in my Veins, the Fever of talking quite burns me up, and nothing can cure me of it but publishing all I know.

Flam. Pr'ythee, *Violetta*, be serious a little, and let us consider how to act.

Viol. Nay, if we act with any Consideration we shall spoil all; your sweet Papa, my dear Lady, is of that capricious Disposition that if you ever know where to have him, you must blunder upon it.

Flam. Psha.

Viol. Psha, nay, 'tis true— Why, pray Madam, has my good old Master Sir *Simon Dupe*, of whimsical Existence, been your Father? had the Honour I mean of being call'd so, for these twenty Years; and don't you know his Temper yet? Why, he changes his Mind as often as a modern fine Lady does her Complexion; he likes or dislikes only out of Contradiction to other People, and if ever he does right, 'tis when People are wise enough to advise him to do wrong.

Flam. Very well, Impertinence. What a motley Figure has thy Fancy furnish'd out — He's sometimes good-natur'd however, and does not want Sense.

Viol. That makes him the more ridiculous; every one has not Spirit enough to play the Fool to advantage.

Flam. But, dear *Violetta*, to return to our Business, can you conceive the occasion of his Change of Sentiments with regard to *Truemore*?

Viol. Why troth, Madam, to speak freely I begin to suspect our Friend Mr. *Outside*.

Flam. Who, *Outside*?

Viol. Yes, your Father lately neither regards, consults,
or

or keeps Company with any body else, he's the only Confident of all his Secrets, and wise Director of all his Actions, and knowing his blind Side uses all his Art, Flattery and Cunning to make the most on't; and if I am not wide of the Mark, *Truemore* did himself no Service in introducing that Sycophant here.

Flam. You are quite mistaken, *Violetta*, for he is entirely in *Truemore's* Interest, and is perpetually saying the handsomest things of him in the World.

Viol. Ah, Madam, you fine young Ladies are so fond of Flattery that you can never think any Mischief sculks under it. But now I, poor Wench, whom no body thinks worth while to flatter, am a little more clear-sighted, and can't help seeing that this supple Parasite is carrying on some private Designs of his own under all his plausible Professions for him: I always suspect these fawning Fellows.

Flam. Well, *Violetta*, I must depend upon thy Sagacity for the Discovery of this Mystery, and upon thy Wit to make a proper Use of it afterwards.

Viol. Why truly, Madam, few things of this Nature are impossible to me when I have a mind to exert my Capacity: Thank my Stars I have a good Legerdmain Genius at Intrigues, don't want for Industry in my Calling neither, and may, without Vanity, say I have acquir'd as much Glory in that noble Employment as any of our Profession. When an obstinate old Put of a Father is to be outwitted, a covetous old Hunks to be publ'd, a Lover to be made an Afs, or a Husband a Property of, I always bring it about before I have done: So you know my Talent, Madam, and 'tis at your Service— But see here comes your Father, do you get about your Business, and I'll enter upon my Office directly. [Exit Flam.]

Enter Sir SIMON DUPE.

Sir Simon. What a deplorable thing is Life! and how well may I say with the great Philosopher of Antiquity, that he who hath Wealth hath Woe. *Violetta*, come hither.

Viol. I am here, Sir; your Commands.

Sir *Simon*. I had but one Wife, and she is dead.

Viol. Hadn't you indeed, Sir? Pray how many would you have had?

Sir *Simon*. She is dead, *Violetta*; this Loss is very grievous to me, and I can't think of it without weeping: I was not mighty well satisfy'd with her Conduct, and we had very often Disputes together, but in short Death settles all things: She is dead—I lament her; if she was alive we should quarrel.

Viol. That I firmly believe, or you'd be strangely alter'd.

Sir *Simon*. Misfortunes never come single, of all the Children that Heaven gave me, it has only left me one Daughter, and this Daughter is all my Trouble, for she is in the deepest Melancholy in the World; out of which there is no way of getting her, and the Cause of which I can't learn.

Viol. [*Aside*.] That's false, you know it well enough but don't care to do it.

Sir *Simon*. For my part I'm half distracted about it, and have need of good Counsel on the matter: I have been indeed consulting with some of my Acquaintance about it, whose Advices were certainly admirable, but I found a little too much of Self-interest in 'em, and perceiv'd that they advis'd mighty well for themselves: One was a Toyman, and his Advice smelt of a Man who had a mind to get rid of some of his Trinkets, for he would have persuaded me to purchase a Cart-Load of his Lumber to have diverted her with—Snuff-Boxes, Tweezer-Cases, Equipages, Pearls, Rubies, Emeralds, and China-Jars, as old as the Flood, for which I must have given my old Gold belike.

Viol. Foolish, foolish, very foolish.

Sir *Simon*. Another was a Bookseller, and he would have clear'd his Shop of Plays and Romances, and that kind of Trumpery, for nothing would divert the young Lady like reading it seem'd.

Viol. Ridiculous!

Sir *Simon*. Another sold Tapestry, and he seem'd to have some Hangings that lay upon his Hands; for he talk'd of sending me in some curious Tapestry adorn'd

with

ART and NATURE.

with Histories and Landskips, and the Murrain knows what, to adorn her Chamber forsooth, and please her that way.

Viol. O monstrous ! worst of all.

Sir Simon. What can you think of, *Violetta*?

Viol. An effectual Remedy at once, Sir ; marry her to *Truemore*, who is just arriv'd here from the *West-Indies*, and to whom you engag'd her long ago.

Sir Simon. Ay, these Counsellors are all of a Piece— Now this Slut wants her married that she may have more of her cast Clothes ; and therefore tho' your Advices be the best in the World, be pleas'd to excuse me from following e'er a one of 'em. These are your modish Counsellors truly.

Enter FLAMINIA.

Sir Simon. Oh ! here comes my Daughter — Good-morrow, my Dear ; well, what's the Matter ? how d'ye do ? what, always thus sad and melancholy, and won't you tell what ails you ? Come, discover thy little Heart to me ; come, my poor Dear, tell, tell, tell, thy little Thoughts to thy dear little Papa ; take Courage, shall I kiss thee ? Come, I'm distracted to see thee in this Humour : Art thou jealous of any of thy Companions, that thou feest finer than thy self ?— No— Dost not think thy Apartment well enough furnish'd ? and dost thou long for any little Trifle of that kind— No.

Viol. Hold, hold, Sir, let me alone, I'll found her a little.

Sir Simon. No, no, no matter, no matter ; what must you be meddling for, Mistress ?

Viol. Let me alone, I tell you, perhaps she'll discover her self more freely to me than to you. What, Madam, won't you tell us what ails you ? Do you want any thing of your Father ? He has often declar'd that he'll spare nothing to make you easy : Is it because he does not give you all the Liberty you could wish ? Um— Would you have a finer Equipage, or be more frequent at Plays, Operas, Auctions, Balls, Assemblies, and the other Diversions which People of your Youth and Fashion indulge in ?— Um— Have you no secret Inclination for any one whom you'd have your Father marry you to ?

Ahah! I understand you; there's the thing: Why Sir, the Myſtery is diſcover'd, and——

Sir Simon. [*Interrupting her.*] Go, ungrateful Girl, I'll talk to thee no more, but leave thee in thy Obſtinacy.

Flam. Since you will have me diſcover my Heart, Sir——

Sir Simon. I'll throw off all the Affection I had for thee.

Viol. Her Melancholy, Sir, proceeds from the want of a Husband.

Sir Simon. [*Pretending not to hear.*] I abandon her.

Viol. A Husband.

Sir Simon. I diſown her for my Daughter.

Viol. A Husband.

Sir Simon. Don't ſpeak to me of her, don't ſpeak to me of her; I'll ſtop my Ears, and not hear another Syllable about her. [*Stops his Ears, and runs off.*]

Viol. A Husband, a Husband, a Husband.

Flam. Well, *Violetta*, what ſay you now?

Viol. Why, that none are ſo deaf as thoſe that won't hear—— But come, come, Madam, you muſt not ſuffer yourſelf to be led like a Fool thus; are not you of Age to be marry'd, and does he think you are Marble! Not but that I am glad he oppoſes it too.

Flam. Glad of it, *Violetta*!

Viol. Yes, or elſe I ſhould have loſt the Pleaſure of contradicting him: Take Courage then, Madam, ſince I give my Conſent fear nothing; I'll make him glad to give his before I've done with him; but come in now and leave it to me.

SCENE a Dressing-Room:

OUTSIDE in a Gown and Slippers, JEFFERY attending.

Outf. What a thriving Profeſſion in our Age is that of Flattery! 'tis the grand Port to the Land of good Fortune; and thanks to Nature it has endow'd me with ſuch a profitable Talent: I have neither Land, Money or Credit, but there are Fools enough that have, and I know how to feed upon 'em. This is my Inheritance: I am oblig'd

oblig'd indeed to till my own Acres, but the generous Crop amply retaliates for my Pains ; and where a Man is not so fortunate to be born to Wealth himself, he ought to be so wise as to enjoy that of others, if he can : The Vanity of Fools was meant as a Provision for Men of Wit, and by *Jove*, I think I am a noble Instance of it : What a grand Apartment have I here ? how plentifully accommodated with every thing ? and all this at the Expence only of a few fair Speeches and formal Bows to the Oaf they belong to ; and that's no more than the Great and Wealthy themselves undergo for nothing every Day. Here, *Jeffery*, I want to dress, that I may pay my morning Devoirs to our worthy Major *Domo* the generous Sir *Simon Dupe*.

Jeff. Yes, Sir, and in the mean time you and I will have a little Talk of our small Concerns, if you please.

Outf. Well, Sir, be so good as to put on my Shoes first, and then let me hear what your Commands are with me.

Jeff. [*Dressing him.*] Why, Sir, I have now serv'd you for these two Years and upwards at my own Charge, for I have receiv'd nothing either for Wages, Board-Wages, or secret Services, but the Investiture of this poor thread-bare Garment, which is not paid for yet neither.

Outf. If you have no pleasanter a Subject, Sir, to discourse upon than this, I had much rather you'd favour me with Silence.

Jeff. Lookee Sir, I have the most generous Spirit of any Man in *England*, when my Appointments are regularly paid, but when People run in Arrears with me I'm a meer Fury, I can tell you that.

Outf. Very well, Sir, you talk like an Angel.

[*Kicks his Slipper off his Foot at his Head.*]

Jeff. Your humble Servant, Sir ; this was Wages I did not doubt of receiving, you have paid me in this Coin often enough, but 'twill pass no longer, Sir. Since the fatal Day I first list'd in your Service I han't found you have a Groat to subsist on, but what you can juggle out of other People's Pockets ; and here Time runs on, Tradesmen grow impatient, Debts grow greater, and

Credit grows less ; here the Scriv'ner that has a Bond on you for five hundred Pound, insists upon his Money this very Day, and he's not a Man to be paid with Words ; and what will be the blessed End of all this ? Why, you'll be laid up in Limbo, and what's worse I shall lose my Wages, and be turn'd out naked into the World to seek my Fortune. I therefore beg the Favour of you, Sir, to give me what's owing me, and save me the deep Concern of endeavouring to get it by rougher Methods.

Outf. Hold your Tongue, Sirrah, and be easy, I have an Affair on the Carpet which I hope speedily to accomplish, and which will put me in a Condition of setting every thing to rights—What think'st thou of my marrying *Flaminia* here, and receiving her Thousands, hey ?

Jeff. I don't know what I think, but I'll tell you what I know, Sir ; that as great a Fool as Sir *Simon* is, he's too wise to sling away both his Daughter and Money on one that has nothing but Tongue-craft to live upon.

Outf. Blockhead ! why 'tis by that very Means I shall carry my Point : The fervent Professions of Friendship, eager Embraces, sedulous Attendance, and seeming Cares with which I have daily pursu'd him, have got me his entire Affection and Confidence, and I find I can persuade him to whatever I please. Doesn't thou know, *Jeffery*, that the highest Happiness Men enjoy is that of being pleas'd with themselves ? Upon this Maxim I build all my Conduct : I suit my self to their various Humours, flatter their various Passions, strike in with their various Pleasures, and govern my self ev'ry Hour by their various Dispositions ; if they laugh, so do I ; if they are sorrowful, so am I ; and by this Means at the risk of nothing but a little paltry Sincerity I put it out of their Power to escape my Net.

Jeff. I own, Sir, that you are a consummate Master in the eight Parts of Speech ; but Sir, here's Mr. *Truemore* coming home it seems, and do you hope, pray, by mere dint of Tongue to prevail on him to give you up his Mistress ?

Outf. I hope, Sir, to prevail on the Father to give me up his Daughter, and then I shall presume on his Friendship to pardon my accepting of her.

Jeff.

ART and NATURE. 9

Jeff. O dear, Sir, I don't suspect you of the least Scruple as to that; but for Sir *Simon*, Sir—lack-a-day, Sir, you must give me leave——

Outf. I tell thee I have an absolute Authority over him; he would marry me himself if he could.

Jeff. These are very fine Schemes I confess, Sir, but I wish they could be turn'd into ready Cash, they are much too light Diet for such a gross Feeder as I am to live upon, Sir; and unless I have some better Security for my Wages——

Outf. Sirrah, you grow impertinent, and I'm not at leisure now to attend your Nonsense. [*Aside.*] What a Misfortune it is that Men of the greatest Genius and Abilities can't execute any considerable Scheme without laying themselves open to such Scoundrels as this—Wait below, I shall have occasion for you by and by.

How great is the Profit, how sweet is the Pleasure!

[*Exit singing.*]

Jeff. In troth, my good Master, if you go on much longer at this rate tho', I shall make you hum another Tune; I shall e'en take *Violetta's* Advice, and blow you up, or may Gunpowder blow up me, that's all. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir SIMON DUPE.

Sir Simon. Is there any thing more tyrannical, any thing more impertinent and ridiculous than to heap up Riches with great Labour, and bring up a Daughter with much Care and Tendernefs in order to strip one's self of both, and give 'em into the Hands of a Man one has not the least Obligation to? No, no, that Practice is a Jest to me, and I'll sooner keep my Money and marry my Daughter my self.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Viol. Oh! Sir, Sir.

Sir Simon. What's the matter?

Viol. Your Daughter, Sir.

Sir Simon. Well, what of her, tell me quickly what's the matter?

Viol. Your Daughter, quite struck with the terrible Passion you was in with her, went up immediately to her Chamber

Chamber, and full of Despair open'd the Window which looks upon the River.

Sir Simon. Hey, and what then?

Viol. No, said she, 'tis impossible for me to live under my Father's Displeasure; and since he disowns me for his Daughter I must die.

Sir Simon. So threw herself out, hey?

Viol. No, Sir, she gently shut the Window again, and laid her down on the Bed; there she fell a weeping in such a lamentable manner, it would have pierc'd a Heart of Adamant to have heard her, [*Crying.*] when all at once her Face grew pale, her Eyes roll'd, her Heart ceas'd to beat, and cold and speechless she sunk into my Arms.

Sir Simon. Oh! my Daughter, she's dead then! I'll go and die by her Side. [*Weeps.*]

Viol. No, Sir, by pinching her I brought her to her self again; but this takes her every Moment, and I believe she'll not live out to-day.

Sir Simon. Ah, poor Girl, poor Girl, where is she? Let me go to her this very Moment, I'll pinch her if pinching will do. [*Going out, sees Outside and returns.*] But hold, hold, here's my Friend, my bosom Friend, I must consult with him how to behave my self in this Juncture.

Viol. What does he do here now? — I wish his Tongue was ramm'd down his Throat.

Enter OUTSIDE.

Outf. Dear *Sir Simon Dupe*, my most noble Friend and generous Patron, ten thousand Good-morrows to you: May every Sun that rises upon you bring as many new Blessings along with it, as the new shining Virtues it discovers in you.

Sir Simon. I thank you, good Mr. *Outside* — Ah, this is an honest Man; and how do you do this Morning? Very well I hope, good Mr. *Outside*.

Viol. O extremely well; fat, fair and fresh-colour'd as you see —

Sir Simon. Poor Man —

Viol. But, Sir — My poor Lady.

Sir

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Sir Simon. Ay, ay, ——— And did you sleep well,
Mr. Outside?

Viol. O most comfortably, I warrant him, after eating
two Brace of Partridges, and drinking as many Bottles of
Burgundy with it.

Sir Simon. Poor Man!

Outf. O dear, noble Sir!

Viol. But your Daughter, Sir ——— She poor Lady ne-
ver clos'd her Eyes I'm sure, and she's now so ill that —

Sir Simon. Very well, very well ——— But Mr. Outside.

Outf. Worthy Sir!

Viol. O he's very well, very well; if you please ———
He makes amends for other People's Illness by eating,
drinking, and sleeping for them.

Sir Simon. Poor Man! But pray, Sir, what d'ye think
of my Looks to day? I begin to grow old I'm afraid.

Outf. Old! What d'ye mean, Sir? when I see your
lovely Daughter and you together, I always take you for
Brother and Sister; a ruddy Complexion, smooth Fore-
head, sparkling Eye, and upright Stature! For my part
I believe your Years run backward, and that the more
you advance in Age the younger you grow.

Viol. Excellent Rascal!

Sir Simon. What's that you mutter, Huffy?

Viol. Nothing, not I.

Sir Simon. I am afraid you flatter me sometimes,
Mr. Outside.

Outf. Upon the Integrity of my Heart I speak no-
thing but the Truth: Alas, Sir, I am no Flatterer, I am
apt to be much too open and sincere for this wicked art-
ful Age.

Viol. O good Creature!

Outf. No, Sir, I only repeat a few of those Truths
which Fame universally publishes of you; that there is
not in the World a Person adorn'd with such exquisite
Accomplishments!

Sir Simon. O fy, O fy!

Outf. Such lively Wit,

Sir Simon. Oh! Oh!

Outf. Such solid Sense.

Sir Simon. O dear, dear.

Outf.

Outf. So sweet a Temper.

Sir Simon. No, no, no.

Outf. So sociable a Disposition.

Sir Simon. Oh lack, O lack.

Outf. So steady a Resolution.

Sir Simon. Ay, ay, that indeed.

Viol. [*Aside.*] And so complete a Bubble.

Sir Simon. What are you muttering there to your self.

Viol. Why, Sir, if you will force me to speak out I can't help it — I am mad then, I say, to see you made such a Fool of.

Sir Simon. How Traitress!

Viol. Yes, cajol'd by a parcel of sham Stories, puff'd up with glaring bare-fac'd Flattery, and made to believe you are this and that and t'other, when there's nothing in't.

Sir Simon. How, what's that?

Viol. I don't say, but that you may be well enough in the main, Sir; but I'm sure you have as many Follies as other People for all that.

Outf. O horrible! Name me but one, one —

Sir Simon. Ay, one, one, Mistress.

Viol. Yes, and half a Dozen into the Bargain: Why then you are passionate, rash, inconsiderate, whimsical —

Sir Simon. Why, you Slut, dare you say these Things to my Face?

Outf. Have you no Shame?

Viol. You have a thousand opposite Whims perpetually tilting in your Crown, and one extravagant Project hourly jostling out another; what's white with you this Moment is black the next, and those you are fond of in the Morning you are a Tyrant to in the Afternoon; often angry without a Grain of Cause, and as often appeas'd with just as little Reason. There, Sir, you gave me a Challenge, and I have boldly answer'd it.

Sir Simon. Let me come at her, let me come at her: Huffy, am I, am I passionate, you Gipsy, hey?

Outf. O dear *Sir Simon*, don't let the Calmness and Evenness of your Temper be ruffled by what a Servant can say.

Sir Simon. Very well, very well; and then I am a testy,

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testy, passionate, whimsical, obstinate, ridiculous old Fool, hey?

Viol. [*Curtfying.*] If you please, Sir —

Sir Simon. Out of my House, Baggage, out of my House this very Moment.

Viol. Indeed I shan't, Sir; I don't know any House that you have.

Sir Simon. No House, Impudence?

Viol. No, Squire *Outside* there is Landlord and Tenant, Master and Mistress, Cook and Butler all under one. He usurps an absolute Authority in the Family, and you are only his Jack-call, Sir, to provide Food for him.

Sir Simon. Was there ever an Instance of such horrible Impudence? let me have but one Stroke at her and I'll be satisfy'd.

Viol. Good-morrow to you, Sir; I'll go and let my Lady know what violent Concern you are in for her Illness: But hold, I'll get something more first to carry with me if I can. [*Lisning.*]

Sir Simon. Was there ever such a Spitfire seen before? I have been turning her out of my House every Day for these seven Years; an insolent Baggage, call me Fool and Bubble and Oaf to my Face! Am I Fool, am I a Bubble, am I an Oaf, Mr. *Outside*?

Outf. O wise noble Sir, 'twas downright Blasphemy.

Sir Simon. She has provok'd me so with her horrid Tongue, that I'm all over in a Sweat, I shall take a Month at least to cool in.

Outf. Give me leave, Sir, I see a Door open here which may give you Cold now you are so hot; and Colds have been very fatal this Year [*Shutting the Door.*] You shou'd have a Skreen here by rights, for too much Care can't be taken of a Health that is so precious to all Mankind.

Sir Simon. [*Aside.*] Ah good good Man, I wish all young Fellows would but follow his Example! Happy will the Father be that has him for a Son-in-law — you are too good, Mr. *Outside*, too careful indeed you are; but you shall know some time or other how sensible I am of it, I will not die ungrateful if I can help it.

Outf. Alas, Sir, the Honour and Pleasure of your Friendship

Friendship are in themselves infinitely too great Rewards for any little Services I can render.

Sir *Simon*. Ah, you are very good, Mr. *Outside*; but hearkee, I have had an Account this Morning, that your Friend *Trumore* is arriv'd in Town from the *West-Indies*, and I expect him here to demand the Performance of the Promise you know I made him before he went.

Outf. Who, *Trumore* arriv'd, [*Aside.*] S'death, I did not apprehend his Return so nigh.

Sir *Simon*. You have convinc'd me indeed, that my Daughter is too young as yet to be married; especially to one so wild and unsettl'd as *Trumore*. But what can I do? here's the Girl herself sniveling and pining after him, all her Relations pestering and dinning me about it, so that I'm afraid I shall be forc'd to comply at last tho' against my Will.

Outf. O, to be sure, Sir, nothing can be more prudent. [*Aside.*] I shall go mad.

Sir *Simon*. And numberless you know, Mr. *Outside*, have been the fatal Misfortunes that have attended young Peoples being cross'd in things of this Nature.

Outf. Numberless! [*Aside.*] I shall burst with Vexation.

Viol. O! you will marry her to *Trumore* then, will you? Good! my Budget's full enough now in Conscience; I'll away and open it to *Flaminia* directly, who'll be in rare Raptures at the Contents of it.

[*Exit Viol.*]

Sir *Simon*. By the way, Mr. *Outside*, let me ask you one Question, what's the meaning of your being so fond of repeating my Words after me, I have often wonder'd at it?

Outf. O dear Sir, 'tis not at all to be wonder'd at, the Words you make use of are always so just, so proper, so elegant, so strong, that 'tis impossible for me to put so good in their stead.

Sir *Simon*. O ho, nay, nay, if that be the Reason I'm satisfy'd — and so you approve of this Match then, do you?

Outf. I of Course must approve of whatever you do Sir, but —

Sir

Sir Simon- But what ———

Outf. Nothing, nothing at all.

Sir Simon. Ay, ay, but that But had a Meaning, and I must know what it is; you are my Friend, Mr. *Outside*, and must conceal nothing from me.

Outf. Friend — that Word has burst open my Lips; and yet since you are resolv'd upon this Match, why shou'd I do any thing to prevent it? *Truemore* is my Friend too; ay, but then Sir Simon is my much more noble and deserving Friend.

Sir Simon. Ay, very true, very true.

Out. Why you must know then, Sir, at parting with *Truemore* upon his going Abroad we happen'd to fall upon this Subject.

Sir Simon. And, what, what, what did he say?

Outf. Why he said, that for his part truly he was very indifferent about the Matter: That he sought the Alliance only out of Interest, and that if he fail'd in this Affair he shou'd not be at any loss, for that he had been privately engag'd a long time to another, who, if not so well fortun'd as *Flaminia*, was of a better Family he said.

Sir Simon. How! a better Family! the Varlet!

Outf. And that in short you was of such a Temper — But excuse me here, Sir, 'twou'd be Profaneness to repeat it.

Sir Simon. O lovely! O pretty! How am I rejoic'd to hear this fine Story, this wondrous fine Story!

Outf. However all this is a meer Trifle, and perhaps he did it only in Mirth, therefore don't think of it, Sir.

Sir Simon. O the Hypocrite! at the very time that he swore the highest Friendship for me, that he courted me, caress'd me, seem'd all on Fire—Mercy on us, how false-hearted and deceitful are People grown!

Outf. Alas, Sir, 'tis all the Fashion at present; Men praise, extol, flatter and embrace with Raptures, and as soon as their Backs are turn'd, make Mouths at one another. 'Twou'd be better for me if I could swim in the same Current — but my open undesigning Temper won't suffer me — But see, is not this *Truemore*? — it is—you'll take no notice to him of what I have told you.

Sir Simon. You don't take me for a Blockhead,
Mr.

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Mr. *Outside*. No, no, let me alone ; but I'll leave you to receive him, for if I should meet him now while my Fury is so fierce against him I should turn him inside out.
[Exit Sir Simon.]

Enter TRUEMORE and JERRY.

Outs. [Running and embracing him.] My dear, dear Friend *Truemore*, welcome to this Heart once more. I am now my self again, my better Half has been absent with thee ; I have a Million of Questions to ask, but Joy won't suffer 'em Utterance.

True. Dear *Charles*, I'm glad to see thee.

Outs. I have been a very sensible Sharer in the Adventures thou hast met with, but since I receive thee safe and well, I cast off all Inquietude, and give a Loose to my Transport.
[Embracing him again.]

True. I am not behind hand with thee, *Charles*, in gratitude for this happy Meeting ; but forgive me, if my present Thoughts are chiefly employ'd on *Flaminia*. Pr'ythee bring me to her instantly. O *Charles* I could with Pleasure undergo the Horrors of a Tempest again to be convey'd with greater speed to that lovely Woman.

Jer. Dear Sir, don't talk any more about Tempests, what we suffer'd in our Shipwreck was no great Temptation to desire such Assistance ; pray advise with your Wild-man that you brought with you from the *American* Forests about it ; see what he'll say to it.

True. Why 'tis true, the poor Wretch was in a grievous Fright, and if I could have been merry under such Circumstances, I shou'd have diverted my self with the Passion he was in with me for exposing him to so much Danger ; but hearkee, *Jerry*, what's become of him ?

Jer. I brought him here with me this Morning, Sir, when you sent me with the Letter to Madam *Flaminia*, who was so pleas'd with him, that she desir'd I would leave him behind me, and she and *Violetta* are now entertaining themselves with his Humour.

True. Very well, do you go and shew him the Town a little, and take care that he comes to no Mischief ; d'ye hear ?

Jer.

Jer. Yes, Sir—He has been already staring about in high Admiration at every thing he sees and hears.

[*Exit Jerry.*]

True. I suppose so ; 'twas to have the Pleasure of seeing that, that I forbore either clothing him in the Habit or instructing him in any of the Customs of this Country, tho' I taught him the Language of it. The pure natural Wit, strong good Sense and Integrity of Soul which appear'd in every thing he said, induc'd me to bring him into *Europe*. I shall take great Pleasure in seeing pure simple Nature in him oppos'd to Laws, Arts and Sciences amongst us.

Outf. Why ay, the Contrast, I fancy, will be pleasant and singular enough ; for alas, my Friend, here's nothing in this vile Corner of the World but Fraud and Dissimulation ; nothing is to be met with but base Flattery, Treachery and Injustice. 'Sdeath I can't bear it ; 'tis such base, cowardly, scandalous Prostitution ; such a betraying one's Soul ; should I ever be seduc'd into this fashionable Practice I should hang my self for shame the very next Minute.

True. Come, come, *Charles*, thy honest Temper is a little too zealous against the Foibles of Mankind. Those Errors which put you into such a Ferment, I look upon as incorporate with human Nature, and am no more compos'd to see a Man that's a Flatterer, unjust or designing, than to see a Vulture ravenous, a Wolf fierce, or a Monkey doing Mischief.

Outf. Ay, my dear Friend, that sweet gentle easy Heart of yours has too little a Guard on it against the Knavery of the Age, and I very much apprehend that you are not far off from being made a Sacrifice to it.

True. I defy all the Craft and Falshood of the World, since my *Flaminia* proves faithful to me.

Outf. Um——

True. What means that Shrug ?

Outf. Nothing, nothing — O *Flaminia*, you was speaking of—I promis'd, you know, to serve you to the utmost of my Power ; I am not one that promise more than I perform ; I have every Opportunity spoke of you to her as you deserve — tho' 'twas impossible for me to do it

C

equal

equal to your Desert; you are my Friend and love *Flaminia* — why in time perhaps she may be brought to repay the Affection.

True. How's that? — Does she fail in her Constancy, *Charles*? or d'ye suspect —

Outf. No, no, that's not the thing — whether she love you or not, she intends to marry you — that's not the Point.

True. Intends to marry me whether she love me or not; dear *Charles*, discover this Mystery to me instantly, and keep me no longer on the Rack of Suspense. Her Heart is the Blessing I covet, and without that should despise her Person.

Outf. Psha, psha, you talk romantickly; what Occasion for Affection you know in Matrimonial Contracts; 'tis quite out of Fashion, People only marry for Convenience now-a-days, and so there's no Deceit in the Fortune.

True. No, *Charles*, Interest was not the least Motive to me; I love her to Distraction, and —

Outf. Why between you and I then, *Flaminia*'s only Intention in marrying, I find, is to deliver her self from her Father's Confinement, and enjoy the Liberties and Pleasures of other Wives of Condition; indeed I don't wonder at her! So much Constraint must force one of her gay Disposition to do any thing to get rid of it, and therefore any body that first offers.

True. Any body that first offers —

Outf. Nay, nay, I may be mistaken perhaps — her Declarations very likely have only been in jest; but in either Case I can unravel the Mystery, I believe, if you desire it of me; you need but command, you know, my Friend; for your Interest is dearer to me than my own.

True. How shall I retaliate, *Charles*, for so much Friendship and Generosity? About it directly then my dear Friend; deliver me, if possible, from this cruel Anxiety; 'twill be some Relief to my Torment to know whence it proceeds.

Outf. Come along then, leave me to act as I think most proper — you must not see her yet: make a sacred Secret of what I have told you. I have a Thought how to proceed.

True.

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True. But must'nt I know what you intend?

Outs. No, no, come this way; you shall know it time enough I'll warrant you. [Exeunt.]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter JULIO and VIOLETTA.

Viol. **W**ELL, my dear Savage, what hast thou to say more?

Julio. What a strange ridiculous Country this is? Some are carry'd about in Cages, others are help'd to their very Victuals and Drink, and a great many don't know how to put on their own Clothes; one wou'd think they had neither Arms nor Legs to help themselves; this is a mighty villainous Country indeed, I wish my self in my own Habitation again, I'm sure.

Viol. And why so, pr'ythee?

Julio. Because I find that here are a parcel of haughty big-looking Savages, that domineer over their Fellow-Creatures, most of whom seem to be better than themselves; I don't understand it — I'll be a Slave to none of 'em, nor won't live where there are Slaves.

Viol. O my dear Animal! Thy Uneasiness at this is owing to Ignorance; thou hast always liv'd amongst Savages, which only follow brutish Nature, but in the civiliz'd part of the World —

Julio. Civiliz'd, ha! who are they?

Viol. O, Men that are govern'd by Laws, and are skill'd in Arts and Sciences, my Dear.

Julio. Govern'd by Laws! What sort of Savages are those Laws, pray?

Viol. O, they an't Savages, they're only Rules and Orders to make Men wise and honest.

Julio. Um — then you're born Fools and Knaves in this Country, are you?

Viol. Nay, I won't pretend to beat it into thy stupid Head, thou must be a little more polish'd thy self, be-

fore thou canst see the Beauty of Order and Politeness in others.

Julio. Politeness! O lack-a-day! What's that? pray Sister Savage, shew me your Politeness, that I may know what it is.

Viol. Well, I will take a little Pains with thee, to make thee like a human Creature if possible — suppose I had an Inclination to invite thee to Supper with me, instead of bluntly saying, come and sup with me, as thou wou'dst naturally do — Politeness wou'd teach me thus [*Making a low Curt'sy*] I beg you'd do me the Favour to spend the Evening with me? I can't pretend, Sir, to entertain you as I ought to do.

Julio. Um, that's very bad Politeness indeed.

Viol. I should be extremely glad if I had something better to give you.

Julio. Well, get something better then.

Viol. O thou art mistaken pr'ythee, this is nothing but meer Compliment, to shew the Regard I have for the Friends I invite, that I think nothing good enough for 'em; and pray, is this all your Politeness teaches you?

Viol. O no, my dear Savage! this is the least —

Julio. Why truly, this is very little indeed.

Viol. It makes us humain and good-natur'd.

Julio. Ay, ay, that's very well, tho' I han't found out that it does so yet.

Viol. It teaches us to assist our Neighbours in Misfortune, and relieve 'em in their Necessities.

Julio. Good, good, that's very good indeed — ay, ay, I begin to see now, that you of this Country are very rascally Savages in your selves, but that your Laws, as you call 'em, make you better and happier than we of the Woods; well, you'll pardon my Ignorance, dear Sister, for you must know your self, that by meer observing how you act, no body cou'd dream you were such excellent Creatures.

Viol. O my Conscience, *Julio*, thou art in the right on't there.

Julio. However, there's one good Savage amongst you I'm sure, and that's thee Sister. O la! Why, thou art very pretty indeed, and how soft and smooth her Hand

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Hand is too. Harkee, dost thou think thou could'st love me, *Violetta*? Methinks I could love thee strangely, hey. Dost thou love me, I say?

Viol. I can't tell yet, we don't fall in Love so soon in this Country. There's a great many things to be done before, I can tell you that.

Julio. To be done — ay — what, what's to be done?

Viol. Why saying fine Things, making fine Presents, Courting, Kissing, and——

Julio. Kissing, ay, ay, as to the Kissing I can do that well enough; I'll begin upon that immediately if thou will't.

[*Kissing her.*]

Viol. O, help, help!

Enter FLAMINIA.

Flam. What's the meaning of this Outcry? Hold, hold, *Julio*, you must not commit any Violence here.

Julio. I don't commit any Violence, not I.

Flam. No! didst thou not hear how she cry'd out?

Julio. Ah, that's nothing at all; they do that in our Forests, but they an't angry for all that.

Viol. Duce take the rough hewn Brute, he has squeez'd the very Breath out of my Body; and yet I can't help laughing at the Humour of the Creature neither.

Julio. See, see, she laughs now; she is not displeas'd at this way of making Love, you find.

Viol. Yes, yes, but I must be displeas'd; these things are not allow'd of here.

Julio. You are a Pack of Fools then, not to allow of what gives you Pleasure, when no body's hurt by it.

Viol. [*Taking out a Pocket Looking-Glass, and adjusting her Head-clothes.*] How the Monster has ruffled me!

[*Letting fall the Glass, which Julio picks up, sees his own face in it, and takes it for a Picture.*]

Julio. Hey-day, what pretty thing is this now? what, do you carry Men about in your Pocket?

Viol. No, no, 'tis a Looking-glass, a Looking-glass, Simpleton.

Julio. Come hither, and see how comical the Rascal is, he downright mimicks me. [*Sees Violetta in the Glass.*] Ha! what, are you double? in two Places at a time?

Viol. Yes, that's me indeed.

Julio. Indeed! but how came you there?

Viol. Ha, ha, ha!

Julio. See, see, it laughs too, ha, ha! so does the other, ha, ha! these are comical Figures, they do ev'ry thing just as we do.

Viol. I'll explain the matter to thee, my dear Savage, this is call'd a Looking-glass, which shews us our own Faces.

Julio. A curious Secret indeed, but tell me, since you are skilful in making these Glasses that shew you your own Faces, why don't you make some that shew the Mind and the Thoughts as well?

Viol. Ah! *Julio*, we should not much care for such a Sight I doubt; they'd very seldom bear the Seeing, I'm afraid.

Flam. Why, such Glasses wou'd be very useful, *Julio*.

Julio. Ay, if I had such a one, I should be able to tell if Sister Savage here lov'd me or not.

Flam. Well, *Julio*, you must leave us now, we have a little Business at present; and hearkee, if you behave well I'll recommend you to *Violetta*, and teach you how to make love in our Country-fashion.

Julio. Well, do your Business then, but make haste, for I shall be strangely uneasy till I see my dear Sister Savage again.

Viol. Good by'e, dear *Julio*.

Julio. By'e, Sister Savage.

[Exit *Julio*.

Flam. Well, *Violetta*, let us now find out my Father immediately, and not let him have time to alter his present favourable Intention—I wish this Creature has not diverted us too long.

Viol. O no, he has kept us very luckily, for here's your Father just coming upon us.

Enter Sir SIMON DUPE on the other side of the Stage.

Sir Simon. [To himself.] Yes, I'm now resolv'd how to act; I'll marry her this very Day to Mr. *Outside*, and that will put an end to any farther Importunities. Mr. *Outside*

is an excellent Man! I don't know such another Man; I'll go to him this Instant, and found him upon it.

Flam. What is that he's so thoughtful about?

Viol. I should be glad to know: Let us accost him—O Sir, Sir.

Sir Simon. What does the Wench want?

Viol. Why, Sir, your Daughter's cur'd, Sir, at once.

Sir Simon. O lack! O lack! I'm glad to hear it: Come hither, my little Girl, come hither; come, thou shalt not pine and pine any longer; I am now resolv'd thou shalt be marry'd.

Viol. Yes, Sir, so I told her.

Sir Simon. You told her, Mrs. Minx! Why, how came you, pray, to know any thing of the matter?

Viol. Why, I beg pardon, Sir, but, to say the Truth, my Curiosity prompted me to listen a little to your Conversation with Mr. *Outside*, after I left you this Morning.

Sir Simon. O did it so, Mistress?

Viol. Yes, Sir, when I had the Pleasure of hearing your Honour say, that you was at last resolv'd to marry my Lady to Mr. *Truemore*; upon which I directly flew to her, and inform'd her of your Intention.

Sir Simon. My Intention!

Viol. Yes, Sir, and you see what a good Effect it has had on her.

Sir Simon. Good Effect—

Viol. Lack-a-day, Sir, 'tis impossible to tell you; at the very first hearing of it she leap'd from her Bed; her Countenance was lighten'd up, her Cheeks glow'd, her Eyes sparkl'd, her Feet danc'd, in short every thing about her jump'd for Joy.

Sir Simon. Jump'd for Joy.

Viol. Yes, Sir, and knowing how much it would be to your Satisfaction to find it, I brought her here to—

Sir Simon. My Satisfaction— you, you—

Viol. Yes, an please your Honour, and 'twas honourably done of you. [Curtisying.]

Sir Simon. Hold your Tongue, you—

Viol. And your Honour has made a most prudent Choice—

Sir Simon. I say, that—

Viol. And have acted as becomes one of your Honour's Wisdom and Penetration.

Sir Simon. My Wisdom and Penetration——

Viol. And 'tis what every body applauds in your Honour, for I have publish'd it already thro' half the Town.

Sir Simon. Why, you Baggage——

Flam. And for my part, Sir, I am entirely govern'd by Duty, and since 'tis your Pleasure——

Sir Simon. What, are you plaguing me too!

Flam. I hope I shall never prove ungrateful for such Favours.

Sir Simon. A Mischief on you both; must I be perpetually pester'd about this *Truemore*, mention his Name to me no more, I charge you.

Flam. How, Sir! was it not *Truemore* you meant then?

Sir Simon. No, Madam, it was not *Truemore*, it was a much more deserving Man.

Viol. Soh! hey, what's that you say, Sir?

Flam. No, Sir, don't imagine I can ever give my Hand to any one but *Truemore*.

Sir Simon. Pooh, pooh, you must think of him no more, I tell you; he has been shipwreck'd, you know, and a great part of his Fortune is gone to the Bottom; so no more of him; 'tis a melancholy Story, I don't care to hear of it; don't so much as mention his Name to me any more.

Viol. But if she don't, I will—— *Truemore*, Sir, *Truemore*; remember my Lady's promis'd to *Truemore*.

Sir Simon. Don't provoke my Rage, don't.

Flam. I shou'd be in the wrong, I own, to marry any body without your Approbation, but it was your self that authoriz'd *Truemore*'s Addresses, and engag'd us to each other.

Sir Simon. Lookee, Mrs. every thing must give way to Duty; but 'tis that Slut there that teaches you this Whine and Cant; she is continually putting into your Hands Romances and Novels to corrupt you with, that are full of nothing but Intrigues and Stratagems to abuse Parents, and Billet-doux, and amorous Speeches: I'll e'en have 'em all thrown into the Fire.

Enter

Enter JULIO.

Julio. My dear Sister Savage, I'm glad to see thee again— A la! what a strange kind of Animal this is! I never saw so ridiculous a Figure in my Life.

[*Stands before Sir Simon, and stares him full in the Face.*]

Sir Simon. Why, what impertinent out-o'the-way Monster is this?

Flam. He's a poor savage Creature whom *Truemore* has brought with him from abroad it seems.

Sir Simon. Well, Brute; and pr'ythee whence didst thou come from, hey? What Country Wolf wast thou suckl'd by, 'um?

Julio. I'll tell thee, Brute; from the Country of Woods and Forests, where there is not a Mortal of us that know one Word of the Laws, but we are all naturally wise and honest enough; we have no need of being forc'd to do our Duty; we are so very ignorant, that meer natural Reason is enough for us. But 'tis not so with you, as my Sister Savage here told me just now. But pray, Sister, what d'ye call this same Savage here?

Viol. A Knight, *Julio.*

Julio. A Knight, 'um — These Knights have very queer Countenances; Pray what Trade is a Knight? what do they do?

Viol. Do, Booby! why what all great Men do, nothing at all.

Julio. Nothing at all; Oh la, it must be very tiresome sure to be always thus.

[*Opening his Mouth without speaking, and setting his Hands on his Sides.*]

Well I shou'dn't love to be a great Man, not I; I love to go and come, and be always doing.

Sir Simon. Poor Creature, how I pity him; what a miserable Wretch 'tis?

Julio. Pity me! what dost pity me for? I miserable, Ha, ha, ha! I don't believe a word on't: I sleep well, eat well, drink well, I fear nothing, care for nothing, nor wish for nothing; now if this is Misery, what is your Happiness, Mr. Great Man?

Viol. Oh he has Wealth, Lands and Possessions in abundance.

Julio.

Julio. 'Um — And wou'd these make me e'er the taller, handsomer, or merrier; should I eat the more for it?

Flam. You mistake, *Julio*, the Great don't lay out all their Wealth on their Table, they reserve Part of it for their Pleasures.

Julio. For their Pleasures, Ha, ha, ha! You buy your Pleasures then, do you? now mine cost me nothing, and yet I can sing, laugh, and dance from Morning to Night as well as the greatest of you all: But hearkee, old Friend, do you great Men live longer than other People?

Sir Simon. What a Question is that now; Why, No Brute, perhaps not.

Julio. What then is your Greatness good for, pray?

Viol. Tho' they don't live longer, pr'ythee, yet whenever they happen to be sick, they can have —

Julio. Sick! why I never was sick in all my Life, so that must be owing to your Idleness and boughten Pleasures, I suppose; but when you are sick, what then?

Viol. They can have every thing they want; Doctors upon Doctors, *Julio*.

Julio. Doctors! what are Doctors?

Sir Simon. Doctors are — a, a, — Pize, I don't know my self what Doctors are. I don't know how to answer the Fool, not I.

Julio. Is this then the only Happiness of the Great, to have more Dishes to gaze upon, more Hours to do nothing in, and more Sickneses and Doctors to be tormented with; Ha, ha, ha! If this be all, much good may do you with it.

Flam. O, yes, *Julio*; there is another Advantage in Riches; it gives us the Privilege of keeping good Company.

Viol. Ay, ay, your rich Man may have all the fine Gentlemen and great Wits at his Table every day, if he will.

Julio. And is it for his sake they come and eat with him, pray?

Flam. To be sure it is.

Julio. Hearkee, old Savage, turn away your Cook, and then see if they'll come any more to your House.

Sir

Sir *Simon*. Ha, ha, ha, a merry Sort of a Monster this, Daughter; he'll make us some Diverſion, hey. [*Aside.*] I muſt make uſe of every thing to drive this *Truemore* out of her Head. But now, Girl, go in and conſider of what I have been ſaying, make good uſe of it, and you ſhall find me ſuch a Father — 'Tis impoſſible to ſay how good a Father I ſhall be. [*Exit.*]

Viol. That I verily believe; well, Madam, let us go in and conſider then, how to cheat this moſt excellent Father of yours. [*Exit Flam. and Viol.*]

Julio. Ah! What! What, have they left me all alone here! Has my Siſter Savage forſaken me too! Well, I ſhall never find out the Meaning of theſe Country Savages; there's ſtrange Doings, ſtrange dark kind of Doings amongſt 'em; but I'll e'en go look about me and divert my ſelf with 'em a little.

S C E N E *changes to a Bookſeller's and Picture Shop.*

ALPHABET *the Bookſeller behind the Counter, and Lord G E W G A W near him with a Picture in his Hand.*

L. Gew. Well, Mr. *Alphabet*, what's the Price of this Piece?

Alph. Five Guineas, my Lord, is the very loweſt; if it waſn't to your Lordſhip who are one of my beſt Cuſtomers, I ſhould not ſcruple to aſk half as much again, [*Aside.*] For it coſt me a Crown but Yeſterday, I'm ſure.

L. Gew. Well, there's your Money; you'll warrant it an Original.

Alph. Ay, ay, 'tis an Original you may depend on't, my Lord, [*Aside.*] for 'tis the firſt thing the young Fellow ever did—a true *Raphiello Titianero*; why here—here's the Name at the Bottom—'Tis a little blind indeed thro' Age.

L. Gew. The blinder the better, People will be the ſooner convinc'd 'tis an Orginal: You'll ſend it me home, Mr. *Alphabet*.

Alph. Here, Boy, let this Picture be carry'd to my Lord

Lord *Gewgaw*'s. 'Tis too cheap in Conscience, my Lord: Does your Lordship please to want any Books?

L. Gew. Books! No, Books are quite out of Fashion now, no body furnishes with 'em.

Alph. Very true, my Lord, and if it was not for this other Business that I luckily fell into, and by which I scrape up a small Subsistence, I must have liv'd like a Rat upon gnawing the Covers of my old Folio's.

L. Gew. Tho' let me see, I recollect I have one Shelf that wants something to fill it. I believe the Classics will do as well as any thing — Have you e'er a neat Set of *Elziver's* in Wood, Mr. *Alphabet*?

Alph. Not just now, my Lord, they are grown extremely scarce; that's the best Branch of our Business, my Lord, next to Books against Religion. Our Woodenware and Infidelity go off pretty well still: But my Joiner's hard at Work, and I have a new Edition of 'em coming out shortly — Here is a complete Set of *Variorum's*, my Lord, most curiously fitted up, and as good Timber as ever was cut.

L. Gew. They'll do full as well, send 'em me home, and charge me the lowest Price.

Alph. I will, my Lord.

L. Gew. Mr. *Alphabet*, your Servant.

Alph. Your most humble Servant, my Lord, your Lordship's very welcome. [*Exit Lord Gewgaw.*] Soh! This is a pretty good Morning's Work; let me see what Orders I have here [*Turning over his Book.*] Sir *John Afterwit* a complete Set of the Magazines for the last Year — 'Um, that's the Lyes and Nonsense of a whole Twelvemonth. To send Lady *Languish* a Set of the best Books to fill a couple of Shelves in her Ladyship's Beaureau; very well, I know her Ladyship's Taste; that must be all the Poets of *Charles* the Second's Time, and all the Plays and Novels that have been wrote by Women. For Ditto, all the entertaining Prints that have been publish'd of late, to hang her Ladyship's Closet with — Why, ay, we have had some very entertaining ones come out lately indeed; some of 'em in so very high a Taste, that I was quite asham'd to let 'em be seen in my Shop: But who have we here?

Enter

Enter Julio staring about.

D'ye want any Books, Pictures, or Prints of any kinds, Sir? Please to see what you like, Sir.

Julio. And if I like any thing, will you let me have it?

Alph. With a great deal of Pleasure, Sir.

Julio. My Master said true when he told me I might have any thing here I wanted; and do you keep these Things here on purpose for People to take 'em of you?

Alph. Yes, Sir; this is some outlandish Chap by his Trim; adad, I'll make a Penny of him; I'm sure they bubble us out of Pence enow.

Alph. Well, Sir, would you please to have any Books?

Julio. Let me see; No, no Books I thank you, Friend; I don't understand 'em.

Alph. Understand 'em, Ha, ha, ha! Lack-a-day, Sir, if no body bought any Books but what they understood, what would become of us? Why, our best Customers are those that never look in a Book; they buy 'em only to look at 'em; pray, observe how pretty a Figure they make, all nicely rang'd, gilt and letter'd in so neat a manner.

Julio. Ay, Friend, but I'm afraid your Books are like your Selves, fine Outfides, and good for nothing within; so I'll have none of your glittering Bawbles.

Alph. Well, Sir, be pleas'd to look at my Pictures then.

Julio. Pictures! What are they? [*Looks over 'em with much Attention, and finds the Picture of a Man.*] Ha! what's that? Something like a Man. O lack, how is this made? Is this a Looking-glass too?

Alph. No, Sir, this is a Picture.

Julio. Ay! I like this Picture as you call it, I'll take this.

Alph. But what will your Honour give me for it?

Julio. My Honour give ye! I have nothing to give ye, and indeed I am sorry for't.

Alph. I don't understand what you wou'd be at, Sir; I say I must have fifty Shillings for it.

Julio. I have not one Shilling, or so much as know what a Shilling is.

Alph.

Alph. Come, Sir, I'm not in Jest, either pay me, or give me back my Piece.

Julio. Why, you offer'd me your Goods in a friendly manner here, and to oblige you, I have taken this, and now you talk of having it again; for Shame, for Shame, this is pitiful!

Alph. Come, come, Sir, no more Words; either pay me or return the Piece.

Julio. Hey-day! what's the matter now; begone this Instant, or I'll drub you soundly, you rude unmannerly Savage you.

[*Holding up his Stick.*

Alph. How! Is it thus People are to be paid? Thieves, Thieves; Help, help, help.

[*He falls upon him.*

Julio. I must scalp this Rascal.

[*Laying hold of him, Alphabet runs off, leaving his Wig in Julio's Hand.*

Alph. Undone! ruin'd.

[*Runs out.*

Julio. Ha! how? what's the meaning of this? the Hair's not natural——by what I find, these People an't what they seem to be; and every thing they have is borrow'd; their Good-nature, their Understanding, their Wit, their very Hair. O my Conscience, I begin to be afraid to live amongst 'em: The Captain said they were a good kind o' People, but I find 'em all as wicked as possible; or is it my Ignorance makes me think so? Well, I'll go find out my Master, that he may tell me the meaning of all these Doings.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E changes.

Enter Sir Simon and Outside.

Sir Simon. Well, Mr. *Outside*, since I have found you alone, I have a Question of high Importance to put to you, and I charge you to open your Heart to me upon it. You know, Mr. *Outside*, that I am your Friend.

Outf. I am most gratefully sensible of it, noble *Sir Simon*. That Title is the Foundation of all my Happiness.

Sir Simon. Ah good Man! And now tell me truly. What kind of Life have you chiefly set your Heart upon, for I make your Interest my own, which way d'ye intend

tend to pursue your Fortune, I say? in War or in Peace, by Sea or by Land, in Matrimony or in Celibacy?

Outs. To speak with my usual Sincerity, Sir, I have not determin'd what Course to take. I am a Gentleman born, and of a noble and ancient Family; I have a genteel Estate, tho' but a moderate one. Now there are but two Ways for People of my Rank to raise their Fortune by, the Army and the Court.

Sir Simon. Ay very true, very true.

Outs. As to the Service, if there was any probability of Action, I should be the first to engage in it; but to take my King's and Country's Money without doing any thing for it, is what my generous Spirit could never submit to. Then for the Court, alas, I'm of too frank, sincere, and scrupulous a Temper ever to succeed there. I want the Artifice, the Flattery, the supple Cringe, the eternal Grinn, and all the other courtly Virtues.

Sir Simon. 'Tis a false wicked Age, 'tis true: But 'tis wonderful to me that Flattery and Fawning should prevail so much amongst us. 'Tis astonishing to me how People can bear to hear themselves flatter'd. Of all things I abominate Flattery.

Outs. [*Aside.*] Yes, I know you do.

Sir Simon. But now, Mr. *Outside*, tho' the Court nor Army have no Temptations for you, would not an agreeable Match, now, hey? Have you never thought upon that Head?

Outs. [*Aside.*] Aha, are you come there at last? To speak plainly, No; if ever I made an Alliance that way with a Family, I should expect it to be an Alliance of cordial Friendship and Confidence, without the least regard to Interest, or any of those base Trifles which most Men now regard. And I declare to you, *Sir Simon*, upon my Honour and Integrity, that you your self are the only Person for whom I ever could experience such a Reverence and Zeal.

Sir Simon. I am infinitely oblig'd to you. But now suppose just such a perfect Friend as you could wish, should offer you his Daughter or Neice in Marriage; pray, what would you do?

Outs.

Outs. Who, I?

Sir Simon. Ay, [*Aside.*] I am terribly afraid lest I should not get his Consent to't. Yes; suppose now, that I my self was out of pure Friendship to make you such an Offer.

Outs. You!

Sir Simon. Suppose so, I say.

Outs. You!

Sir Simon. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, I.

Outs. You are merry, *Sir Simon.*

Sir Simon. I am in earnest, *Mr. Outside.*

Outs. You wanted to try me I find; come, come, confess, *Sir Simon.*

Sir Simon. 'Tis no such thing, I tell you.

Outs. What! could you be so impolittick as to prefer me to *Truemore*? to a Man who has infinitely more Virtues than I have.

Sir Simon. A pize on his Virtues, I'll have nothing to do with him nor his.

Outs. But then your Daughter, *Sir Simon*! You can't transplant her Affection perhaps, and unless I was sure of her Heart, all the Riches in the Universe could not tempt me.

Sir Simon. Pooh, pooh, what should hinder? am not I her Master? Ods-heart, *Mr. Outside*, tho' I am a mild, peaceable-temper'd Man, as you tell me, I am not to be made a Gull of neither. I make all that are under me know I am somebody.

Outs. But pray, Sir, let me persuade you not to be too hasty in this Affair, your Mind may change, and —

Sir Simon. My Mind change; no, no, I never chang'd my Mind in my Life. Lack-a-day, I have had my Eye on you ever since I knew you; will you consent now, hey?

Outs. I have nothing so much at Heart as obliging you, Sir; and as you have always prov'd a Parent to me, 'tis my Province, as a Son, to obey all your Commands.

Sir Simon. [*Running to him and embracing him.*] Come to my Arms, come to my Arms, my dear Son-in-law, let me embrace you. What a happy Man am I! and how happily and prudently have I dispos'd of my

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my Daughter! To-morrow Morning by Day-light I'll have the Nuptials perform'd, and at Night all the Bells in the Town shall ring, and every Street shall blaze with Bonfires. Go, go, Mr. *Outside*, and bespeak you a Wedding-Suit this Moment; don't spare any cost, d'ye hear me? My Daughter will have enough to afford it for once.

Outf. Most worthy, noble, generous Sir *Simon*, I fly upon the Wings of Duty to obey your Commands.

[*Exit.*]

Sir *Simon*. How glad am I that I have brought about this important Affair; see what it is now to be a wise Man. If every Master of a Family wou'd but make use of my Foresight and Discretion in the disposal of his Children, there would not be so many domestick Wranglings, separate Maintenances, and the Pestilence to do between Man and Wife as happen now-a-days. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes.

Flaminia and Violetta meeting Outside.

Flam. O Mr. *Outside*, I am glad to see you. I am in greater Distress than I can possibly describe to you, pray instruct me a little what I shall do.

Viol. [*Aside.*] Yes, he's a most excellent Privy-Counsellor indeed: But let's hear what he says?

Outf. Bless me, dear Madam, what's the Matter? I would risk my Life to remove any thing that gives you the least Uneasiness.

Flam. You are not ignorant of the Engagements which have pass'd between *Truemoore* and me; he always look'd on you as his sincerest Friend, and laid his Heart open in every Respect.

Outf. O very true; Madam.

Flam. Would you believe it, Sir? My Father has all of a sudden entertain'd some Prejudice against him, and is absolutely resolv'd to break off the Match.

Outf. Astonishing! Is it possible! What can be the Reason?

Viol. The Reason; why, I suppose, some meddling,
D sawning,

fawning, impertinent Puppy or other has been putting things into his Head.

Outf. Why ay, nothing more likely; there are a Set of People in the World that are mighty busy in Things that don't belong to 'em.

Viol. True; and I'll be sworn 'twas some pitiful prating Scoundrel or other that has been the Occasion of all this Confusion. Some Rascal, whose Indigence my Master relieves, and this is his Gratitude.

Outf. No doubt but ———

Viol. Ay some sneaking Sycophant, that all the time, I suppose, makes the highest Professions of Friendship both to *Truemore* and my Lady.

Outf. A Murrain on her Tongue. [*Aside.*]

Viol. Some smooth-fac'd Thief that can smile while he cuts a Throat, and not so much as blush, tho' his Knavery be discover'd.

Outf. Ah, I wish I could but guess at the Rascal, I would make him swallow a bitter Pill. [*Aside.*] I hope this Slut does'nt suspect any thing.

Viol. [*Aside.*] I believe you know pretty well whom the Cap will fit; I wish I could make my Lady think so too.

Flam. And what's worst of all, he talks of marrying me to some other Man.

Outf. How! and has he told you who it is?

Viol. No; but very likely the same Sharper that broke off the other Match, has been subtle enough to prevail on my Master to promise her to him; and 'tis very reasonable that so fine a young Creature, as my Lady is, should be sacrific'd to such a Worm as that must needs be. What say you, Sir?

Outf. O! I say as you do; Right, right.

Flam. Be it whom it will, I shall lothe and detest him, and fly from him as the Bane of all my Happiness. But, dear Mr. *Outside*, I conjure you in the Name of Friendship to tell me, if you know my Father's Reasons for this Change; you are generally let into his Secrets.

Outf. Upon the Honour of a Gentleman, and the Sincerity of a Friend, I know nothing of the Matter.

Viol.

Viol. Upon the Sagacity of a Chambermaid, I believe that's a Lye. [*Aside.*]

Outs. All I know is, Madam, that your Father is fond of you beyond Imagination, and I may be bold to say he will do nothing but what's for your Good. He has talk'd to me a thousand times of his dear *Flaminia*, with such Tenderness, such Affection, that the very Tears flow'd from his Eyes.

Viol. I understand you, Sir, and so out of pure Gratitude and Bounty of Heart, you'd have her break her Vows to *Truemore*, and take any body he proposes.

Outs. O by no means; *Truemore* is one of my best and dearest Friends.

Flam. Poor *Truemore*! How will this News pierce his Heart! I judge of his Affliction by my own.

Outs. What Fidelity is here! What divine Delicacy of Affection! And how black a Crime must it be in any one to endeavour to betray so heroick a Love.

Flam. But I expect my Father to return every Moment; for Heav'n's sake, Mr. *Outside*, do you see him first, and endeavour to divert him from this cruel Intention.

Outs. I'll do the utmost in my poor Power, fair Lady.

Flam. Farewel, and remember that both my Felicity and *Truemore*'s depend on your Success.

Viol. Ah! Now that's just setting a Thief to guard one's strong Box. [*Aside.*]

Outs. Rely upon me, sweet Lady, for I fear not to accomplish all I wish for. [*Exeunt Flam. and Viol.*]
Ha, ha, ha, O my Conscience, this is a pleasant Business enough, here have I stipulated for four quite opposite Interests at once; a Rival, a Father-in-law, a Mistress and my self; now in such a Case as this, 'tis but reasonable a Man should begin with himself. I stand but a scurvy Chance, I find with the Daughter; as for the Father, I can work him to any thing; I must make my Market here some way or other, and that too without loss of time; let me see, I'll prevail on the old Put by some Stratagem or other to bind himself under a swinging Penalty to give me his Daughter, and

afterwards let him change his Mind if he will. This will do, and then I shall ride on with Whip and Spur.

In spite of Fate, secure of this Resource,
That if I lose the Wife, I gain the Purse.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter JULIO solus.

Julio. EVERY Hour that I am in this Country, I am more astonish'd at the strange Savages that live here; there's no trusting any of 'em I find, I wish my self well got from amongst 'em again. What a Scoundrel was that *Bookfeller* to-day? I can't get him out of my Head; but mum, who comes here now?

Enter ALPHABET and CONSTABLES.

Alph. There, there, that's the Villain that robb'd me.

Const. Good-morrow, Friend.

Julio. O good-morrow, good-morrow. [*Walks round 'em and surveys 'em.*] These are mighty ill-looking Savages.

Const. Hark'ee, Friend, was'nt you at a Bookfeller's Shop to-day?

Julio. A Bookfeller, ay, one that keeps Pictures to trick People, hey? O, why, yonder he stands—Hark'ee, Rascal, did not you offer your things to me?

[*Laying bold of him.*]

Alph. Ay, what then, Sir? 'Sbud I must'nt seem afraid, but I wish I was well out of his Paws.

Julio. Which to oblige you, I took to't, didn't I?

Alph. Ay, you did so indeed, but as for the Obligation —

Julio. After that, did'nt you tell me, I must give you some Shillings, or you'd have your Picture agen?

Alph.

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Alph. I did so, I demanded fifty Shillings, and that's the Price of it.

Julio. Hark'ee, did'nt I assure you I had no Shillings, and— did'nt I likewise tell you, I wou'd not give you back your Picture?

Alph. Ay, ay, that you did indeed.

Julio. And did'nt I give you fifty good Strokes instead of fifty Shillings?

Alph. If I had forgot that, my Shoulders wou'd remember me.

Julio. Very well, you find, Gentlemen, I tell no Lies; have'nt I made him confess all? I did not think there was so much truth in the Villain.

Alph. You see he frankly owns the Robbery; there's no occasion of any Witneses. Come, Sir, come along to Justice, will you?

Julio. No, I can't now, I have other business upon my Hands; I'm in love, you must know, but when I have seen *Violetta*, I'll come and find you agen, if I can.

Const. Come along, Mr. *Rascal*; you affect abundance of Innocence.

Alph. Away with him, away with him.

Julio. What's the meaning of this now? Hark'ee, if you dare put me in a Passion, I'll thrash you, and all the Rogues that belong to you.

Const. Come, come, let's seize him.

Enter TRUEMORE.

True. What, *Julio* in the Constable's Hands? Gentlemen, where are you dragging that Fellow?

Const. To Jail, for having robb'd this Bookseller here.

True. Oh Gentlemen, this poor Creature is a Savage which I have just brought over from *America*; he is altogether unacquainted with our Customs, and therefore as I am the Cause of any Injury he has done, I'll make you Satisfaction.

Const. If the Case be so, only give the Bookseller his fifty Shillings and take home your Savage.

True. Here's your Money, Friend.

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Alph. But that you may'nt have any Cause to reproach me, Mr. Savage, I will return you the drubbing you gave me, if these Gentlemen will hold you a little.

Julio. No, no, when I give any thing, I always do it frankly.

Const. Your Servant. A Savage, um— I thought he had been some great Man, by his abusing and beating People instead of paying 'em for their Goods.

[*Exeunt Const. Alph.*]

Julio. Go, you Brute.

[*Looks on the Ground without taking notice of his Master.*]

True. He is in high Wrath, I'll have a little Diversion with him. Well, *Julio*, you see you're got into a fine Country here, and the Inhabitants are excellent Kind of People, hey? [*Julio looks at him, and gives no Answer.*] What, are you dumb? You ought at least to thank me for saving you from the Gallows.

Julio. Why did you bring me hither, into a civilized Country, as you call it; where the Virtue you pretend to, is only a Snare for the Credulity of those you want to deceive. I find that there is neither Truth, Honour nor Honesty in any of you; how can you convince me, pray, that this Bookseller is not a Knave now?

True. Nothing is easier, we don't here live in common as you do in your Woods; ev'ry one has a Property of his own, and no body must take what does not belong to him, without giving Money for it.

Julio. What is this Money?

True. Here's some of it.

Julio. Is this Money? Oh la! What is to be done with this Money now?

True. It is to purchase what we want, and may be some sort be call'd a Surety, which engages for ev'ry Man's Honesty that has it.

Julio. What Rogues are those from whom a Man must take such Surety as this? But tell me quickly, who give this Money? that I may get what I want without danger again.

True. O, it is not given.

Julio. Where am I to go to take some then?

True. It is not to be taken.

Julio

Julio. Teach me then how to make it.

True. You'll be hang'd indeed then, *Julio*; no, no, you must not make it.

Julio. Heyday, how is one to have it then? It is not giv'n, it cannot be taken, it must not be made; why what a parcel of Stuff is this? I must have a thing, and yet I must not get it.

True. I am going to explain it to you; there are among us two sorts of People, the Rich and the Poor; the Rich have all the Money, and the Poor none.

Julio. A very equal Distribution truly.

True. They are under a Necessity of working for the Rich, who give them Money in proportion to their Labour.

Julio. And pray, what do the Rich do, whilst the Poor work for 'em?

True. Eat, Drink, Sleep, and Dress, and pass their whole time in Diversions and Entertainments.

Julio. This indeed is very happy for the Rich.

True. The Happiness which you imagine in their Condition, is very often the Cause of their Misery.

Julio. Hey? how so?

True. Because Riches only multiply Mens Cares; the Poor labour only for the Necessaries, but the Rich for the Superfluities of Life; which are boundless by reason of their Ambition, Luxury, and Vanity which consume them; thus the rich Man's Wealth is the Cause of his Labour and Want.

Julio. Well, Sir, shall I give you my Opinion of these civiliz'd Nations?

True. Yes, what is it, pr'ythee?

Julio. I must tell you Truth, because I have no Money to be Surety for what I say; I think that you are Fools, who call your selves Wise; Ignorant, who imagine your selves Learned; Poor, who fancy your selves Rich; and Slaves, who believe your selves Free.

True. But why do you think so?

Julio. Because 'tis true. You are Fools because you eagerly pursue useless Trifles; you are Poor, because you place your sole Happiness in Money, instead of enjoying full Nature as we do, who in order to possess ev'ry

thing without Restraint, monopolize nothing ; you are Slaves to your Possessions, which you prefer to your Liberty, and your Brethren whom you'll hang for taking a trifle of that which is of no use to your selves ; and you are Ignorant, because all your Wisdom consists in the knowledge of the Laws, whilst you neglect pure Reason which wou'd prevent your having any occasion for 'em.

True. What wouldest thou have us do, *Julio* ? There's no living here without Money, and those that han't it got ready to their Hands, must submit to take pains for it, for the Poor can have nothing for nothing.

Julio. How ! and because I have got none of this trumpery Stuff, shall I be oblig'd like these Wretches to slave for my Living ?

True. Ay, *Julio*, you must.

Julio. Why then, did you draw me out of my own Country to teach me that I am poor ? In my native Woods, I had known neither Riches nor Poverty. I had done every Office for my self, been at once Master and Servant, King, and Subject ; from this State of Happiness and Freedom you have drawn me, to teach me, that I am only a miserable Slave—— faithless, base, inhuman Wretch.

True. Don't grieve, my dear *Julio*, I have Riches enough for us both, and I'll give thee every thing that's necessary.

Julio. But I'll not take any thing of you, since you give nothing for nothing ; and I can give you no Money. What ! you'd have me give you my self, would you, to be a Slave for a little of your glittering Trash ? No ; I'll have my Liberty if I have nothing else ; I'll be free tho' I am poor ; carry me back then to the Place from whence I came ; give me my Woods and Wilds again, that I may in them forget that there are Rich and Poor in the World. [*Weeps.*]

True. [*Aside.*] Poor Creature ! his honest, generous Concern affects me ; come, come, *Julio*, lay aside your Fears, you shall be no Slave, I'll make thee happy.

Julio. A fine Word indeed, which without a Surety is not worth this. [*Snaps his Fingers.*] However, notwithstanding the Contempt I have for your Countrymen,

I'll

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I'll stay here out of regard to a fair Sister Savage call'd *Violetta*, whom I'm in love with you must know.

True. Come along with me, and I'll take an Opportunity of speaking in your Favour to this *Violetta*; in the mean time I must find *Outside*, and see what Progress he has made in my Affair: O *Flaminia*, may I prove thee but faithful at last, my present Anxiety will only serve to augment my Joy!

SCENE changes.

Enter Sir SIMON DUPE, FLAMINIA, and VIOLETTA.

Sir Simon. I tell you again and again, Mistress, without so much whining, and canting, and babbling, that I'll neither have you think or speak of *Truemore* any more; and to be brief and plain as a Father should be, I'm resolv'd that to-morrow Morning you shall be married to Mr. *Outside*.

Flam. What, Sir! *Outside*?

Viol. Um—

Sir Simon. Yes, Madam, Mr. *Outside*, with your leave; and no small Happiness you ought to think it. Ods-heart he's one of ten thousand, a jolly, handsome, well-made Man, and then such a well-bred, sweet-temper'd, honest, friendly Person.

Viol. [*Aside*.] He's the Friend to *Truemore*, indeed, that I always imagin'd.

Sir Simon. The other is a vain, fiddle-faddle Fop, who is always admiring himself, and regards no body else. Why, when he us'd to come here, he thought truly, that he had nothing to do but to chatter and romp, and play the Coxcomb with you; he spoke to no body but you, look'd at no body but you, nor heard no body but you.

Flam. But, dear Sir—

Sir Simon. But dear Madam, under Favour, no Refusal, I beseech you.

Viol. Why, Sir, is it possible that with such a wise Whiz, and so spacious a Beard on it, you shou'd once think of talking so wildly?

Sir

Sir Simon. Harkee, Huffy, you have taken certain Liberties of late that I dislike, and if you don't hold your Tongue——

Viol. Why, Sir, can you have the Heart now, to fling away such a Girl as this is, upon a Man she don't like?

Sir Simon. Hold your Tongue, hold your Tongue.

Viol. Besides, do you consider the Consequence? Why, she'll play the Duce with him.

Sir Simon. How! what's that you say? you impudent Baggage.

Viol. Nay, 'tis true, and you'll be answerable for it: Remember that, *Sir Simon*, remember that.

Sir Simon. Will you hold your Tongue, you Serpent?

Viol. Nay, if I was forc'd to marry a Man against my Will, I'd soon let him see how ready a Woman could be at Revenge.

Sir Simon. Why, Daughter, what a pestilent Huffy do you keep with you? her Insolence has put me into such a Ferment, that I shall—— [Holding up his Cane,

Enter JULIO, who interposes.

Julio. Hold, hold, hold! why, you queer old Savage you, would you offer to beat my dear *Violetta*?

Sir Simon. Out o' my Presence, you Brute: Why, what a Pass am I come to? to be made a Jest of by an impudent Slut of a Chamber-maid, and be dar'd by a—— Why, Daughter, have you quite forgot your Duty?

Flam. I hope, Sir, I shall never forget my Duty; but if it is reasonable for a Child to be obedient, is it not altogether as reasonable, that a Father should be just, and not sacrifice a Child to his own Prejudices?

Sir Simon. I have no Intention of sacrificing thee, I want to make you happy, I say.

Viol. Make her happy! the Man puts me mad—— Why, I tell you, you don't know what you are about: therefore we ought to refer the Decision of this Affair to a third Person; suppose we shou'd choose one.

Sir Simon. A very pleasant Proposal—— Why, Mrs Minx, han't I Sense enough to know what to do with my own Daughter?

Viol. No; therefore let *Julio* be the Judge.

Sir Simon. A most solemn Judge, without doubt : Go, you're mad, you're mad both of you.

Viol. Come, come, my dear Savage here is a Lover of Truth, and always speaks it as far as he knows ; let him be told of the Business, and I'll lay my Life he'll make a judicious Determination.

Sir Simon. Well, we'll see, however ; it will cost us nothing to hear him.

Flam. Come hither, *Julio*— I have for some time bestow'd my Affections on a Lover, and my Father consented to the Match ; at the beginning of our Acquaintance he was rich, but since he has, by Misfortunes, lost some of his Wealth, ought I still to persist in my Design of marrying him ?

Julio. If you were in love with nothing but his Riches, you ought not to marry him, because 'tis gone ; but if it was the Man you had an Affection for, you ought to marry him, because he has still left what you were in love with.

Viol. Right, Honesty, right.

Flam. Yes, but my Father, who was willing I should have him when he was very rich, has chang'd his Mind now, and wou'd give me to another.

Julio. Who has most Concern in your Marriage, your Father, or your self ?

Viol. Well put, well put, my dear Savage !

Flam. My self, most certainly.

Julio. Then take him you love, and let the old Savage say what he pleases.

Sir Simon. Huffy, the Judge is an Ass, and you an impertinent Slut ; let me hear no more of this.

Viol. Dear Sir, dear Sir, don't be in a Passion, his Determination is the Voice of Nature and Reason.

Sir Simon. Nature and Reason ! I'll have nothing to do with Nature and Reason, and therefore hold your impertinent Tongue. Go, go, Daughter, you're a silly Girl ; you don't know this *Truemore* ; if you had but heard what I heard to-day.

Flam. Ah ! poor *Truemore*.

Sir Simon. O mighty poor ! mighty poor ! Ah, poor thing,

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thing, he'll sleep never the worse upon this account, if I am not much mis-inform'd.

Flam. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Sir Simon. Mean, why, that this Impostor *Truemore*—

Flam. Is what, Sir—

Sir Simon. Is engag'd to another Person.

Flam. Impossible!

Sir Simon. Fact, Mistress, and only wants you for the sake of your Money. Why, he's not asham'd to make his publick Boast of it.

Viol. Soh! this is *Outside* again. [*Aside.*]

Flam. Dear Sir, give no Credit to such a Falshood; could *Truemore*, who——

Sir Simon. I tell you I know it, and you won't tell me I lye, will you— But here comes one I have Business with; leave me, leave me, and go and prepare to obey my Intentions.

Flam. How shall I proceed in this cruel Extremity?

[*Exit Flaminia.*]

Viol. Come you, *Julio*, this way with me, I have a Message to send to your Master by you.

Julio. Ah, dear *Violetta*, I'll go any where with thee, but I don't understand what you are all about here—that old grim Savage there is a very great Oaf in my Opinion. [*Exeunt.*]

Sir Simon. Soh! now 'tis all settl'd as it should be, and I am the happiest Mortal alive, if *Outside* does but continue of the same Mind: O, here he comes and seems strangely thoughtful.

Enter OUTSIDE.

Why so melancholy, Son-in-law, what are you thinking of, hey?

Outf. Shall I tell you, good *Sir Simon*? I was thinking, you must know of the Business we were talking of this Morning; and to say the Truth, I see invincible Reasons against this Match.

Sir Simon. What, Mr. *Outside*? invincible Reasons!

Outf. Yes, a thousand things, Sir, interpose to prevent my accepting this glorious Offer: In the first place *Flaminia's*

winia's Affection is fix'd upon *Truemore*, and I can't bear the Thought of taking her by Force, or having her accuse me as the Author of her being unhappy.

Sir Simon. Pooh, pooh, should not my Will be a Law to her? when a Father commands, should not a Daughter obey?

Outf. To be sure, 'tis the highest Justice.

Sir Simon. I should be glad to see her oppose my Choice.

Outf. Very true, Sir.

Sir Simon. I think I know best what is fit for her, and 'tis not for me, sure, to be lesson'd by her?

Outf. But, Sir, put your self in my Place for a Moment; can I fairly undermine my dear Friend *Truemore* in this Affair? 'tis to him I owe the Honour of your Acquaintance, Sir; an Honour more precious to me than all the Creation besides could yield; and shall I in return for this noble Service rob him of his Mistress? What would the World say? would not they call me faithless and ungrateful?

Sir Simon. Why then, they'd be Fools.

Outf. True, Sir, but Fools speak louder than the Wise, and have more to hear 'em; not but I would give half my Days to purchase an honourable Alliance with you, *Sir Simon*; for I must own I find in my self a Transport of Affection for you, even to a Weakness, and if wayward Fortune should ever separate us, my Grief would drive me to some lonely Desert, where I should for ever quit all Commerce with Mankind.

Sir Simon. He touches my Heart so with his Friendship that I can't help weeping: Ah, Mr. *Outside*, you little know the Affection I have for you, 'tis more than fatherly; and therefore you must consent to what I desire.

Outf. I wish I could.

Sir Simon. You must, Mr. *Outside*.

Outf. It can't be, *Sir Simon*.

Sir Simon. Pray do.

Outf. No—

Sir Simon. I beg of you.

Outside. I dare not do it.

Sir Simon. Let me beg it of you on my Knees.

[Falls down on his Knees.]

Outf. O horrible! can I bear this shameful Sight? rise, rise, dear Sir, or I shall die with blushing.

Sir Simon. And can nothing, nothing move you?

Outf. Yes, that sad Sigh and lamentable Face has quite melted me down; take me, command me, do with me what you will.

Sir Simon. And will you? will you then comply with my Request?

Outf. I will, I must; farewell Honour and every other Consideration rather than be wanting in Duty to you.

Sir Simon. Let me embrace thee, let me hug thee, my dearest, worthiest, best of Friends. [*Embraces him.*]

Outf. You see, Sir, I am all Obedience. However, *Sir Simon*, I think it absolutely necessary that we should find out some way of colouring over this Affair a little, and stopping People's Mouths.

Sir Simon. Why, ay, that's true; what can you think of?

Outf. Now Fortune assist me. [*Aside.*] When *Truemore* first introduc'd me here, was you acquainted with the Design he had to make his Addressee to *Flaminia*?

Sir Simon. No, no, not I.

Outf. Good! why then can't I pretend that I was engag'd to you to marry *Flaminia*, before he made any Proposals.

Sir Simon. Wonderful! admirable! that will do the thing effectually.

Outf. No, I'm mistaken, that won't do; they'll presently cry this is nothing but a Sham; what Witnesses have you of this they'll say? what Proof? Now, what Answer can I make 'em?

Sir Simon. Hey? Why send 'em to me, send 'em to me, and if saying won't satisfy 'em—— Why, I'll swear it.

Outf. But, *Sir Simon*, won't People be apt to say—for you know what a vile censorious Age it is—won't they say, that this is a premeditated Artifice to cheat *Truemore* and deceive the World?

Sir Simon. Why, ay, that's right; but, what can one do?

Outf. Hearkee, the thing is, as you say, to prove plain

plainly and strongly that I was engag'd to marry *Flaminia* before *Truemoor*: Now, if I was to give you a Bond, dated before that time, obliging my self under the the Penalty of one thousand Pounds to marry your Daughter.

Sir Simon. True, true, but then I must give you another, you know, to oblige my self to——

Outf. O' my Life that's true; I didn't think o' that, I am the dullest Fellow at these things in the World, I am so little us'd to Stratagems or Contrivances; but you, dear *Sir Simon*, can make me do any thing— But right, as you was saying, you must bind your self under the same Penalty to give me your Daughter.

Sir Simon. To be sure, and then when we shew our double Bonds, sign'd by both of us, and dated before the time that I knew any thing of *Truemoor's* Intentions, why what the Murrain can any body say to it?

Outf. What indeed?

Sir Simon. 'Twill confound 'em, strike 'em dumb, I tell you— Well, 'tis the most admirable Plot that ever was; how finely some People will be bubbl'd, Adad, I can't help laughing at the Thoughts of it. Ha, ha, ha!

Outf. Nor I neither. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Simon. Rarely gull'd. Ha, ha, ha— And then my Daughter, you know, when she finds how great a Penalty I have laid my self under, will comply the more readily.

Outf. You judge like an Angel, *Sir*.

Sir Simon. Why, truly, *Mr. Outside*, I think, I can see into a thing as far as another: But come, come, let us lose no time, but go into my Closet directly, and sign and seal; I am all Impatience 'till 'tis done. Well, I am the happiest Man, and the greatest Man, and, and——

Outf. And the wisest Man, *Sir Simon*.

Sir Simon. Troth, so I am, and that the World shall know very soon; I shall make 'em all stare, and we will laugh, hey, *Mr. Outside*, ha, ha, ha!

Outf. Ha, ha, ha! So we will.

Sir Simon. Come along, come along, Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt laughing.*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes.**Enter* TRUEMORE and JULIO.

True. Is it possible! is *Outside* my Rival, dost thou say, *Julio*? has he been so base as to betray the Trust I repos'd in him? It can't be, I'll not believe it.

Julio. Well, but I do believe it, and I will believe it, and I'm sure 'tis true.

True. How art thou sure of it, pr'ythee?

Julio. Because my dear *Violetta* told me so, and I'll believe her sooner than I will any of you.

True. Did *Violetta*, dost thou say, bid thee——

Julio. I have told you so once already, and if you aren't satisfy'd you may go and ask her— The People of this Country are so given to lying themselves, they think nobody else can speak Truth.

True. Nay, *Julio*, if *Outside* has prov'd false to me, I shall begin to think there's no such Thing as Truth in the World.

Julio. There's but little here indeed, and for my part, tho' I thought I had learnt your Language, I find I understand nothing at all of it.

True. What dost mean, pr'ythee?

Julio. Why, that you never mean what you speak, for when I hear you protest one thing one Moment, I see you act quite the contrary the next, and those that you fawn upon before their Face, you rail at behind their Back; nay, I have heard many of you curse your own selves, and sure 'tis impossible you can mean all this.

True. Thy Remarks, honest *Julio*, are but too just; however, I'll not sit down easy under this Treachery, if he has wrong'd me, his Life shall answer it. O here he comes——

Enter OUTSIDE, *holding a Paper.*

Outs. [*To himself.*] Soh! I have got what I wanted, and now I'm secure—— But what does this Fellow do here? I wish the Sea had been my Friend, and sent him to the Bottom. O dear *Truemore*, is it thee? I rejoice to meet thee. [*To Julio.*] Sir, I am your most obedient, devoted, humble Servant.

Julio.

Julio. Sir, I won't be serv'd by you; you are false-hearted, *Violetta* tells me so, and so you and the Book-seller may go together.

Outs. Sir, your Servant.

True. Yes, *Charles*, is this true? hast thou betray'd the Confidence I plac'd in thee with regard to *Flaminia*? Answer me directly to this Charge.

Outs. Ha, ha, ha!

True. Could you, my sworn Friend, whom I made the Guardian of my Affection, under pretence of serving me, rival me with my Mistress?

Outs. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

True. How, Sir, d'ye make a Jest of it? let me tell you, Sir——

Outs. Troth, Sir, you must give me leave to laugh, Ha, ha, ha! and if you say any more I shall split my Sides.

True. Sir, Sir, I am not to be put off with a Laugh, and since you'll give me no Answer, I must force one from you.

[*Draws his Sword, upon which Julio interposes.*]

Julio. Hey-dey, what are the Fools about here—— What, such good Friends, who embrace one Moment, kill one another the next? Why, heark'ee, can't you both marry her?

True. No, no, Varlet, stand aside.

Julio. But tell me, he who kills the other is to carry her off, is he?

True. Yes.

Julio. Yes! are you sure she loves either of you? at least it wou'd be prudent to ask her before you fight, which of the two she wou'd choose shou'd be kill'd?

True. But——

Julio. You are a Fool, for if she loves him, and you kill him, she will only hate you the worse for it; won't she, hey? Hold, you are a Couple of Asses; instead of going together by the Ears, find her out, and know of her which she likes, let him have her, and the other go seek one that will like him.

Outs. Come, come, put up thy Sword, my dear Friend, and I'll soon give you Satisfaction. I know you are too

E

wife

Julio.

wife and good to believe any thing rashly to the Disadvantage of a Friend.

True. What, when the matter is affirm'd, apparent—

Outs. D'ye see now, how strangely Men's Actions may be misconstru'd; why, 'tis quite the reverse; I never gave so strong a Proof of my Inclination to serve you, as in this very Particular you are breaking with me about.

True. Explain your self.

Outs. I will, but let us be alone.

True. *Julio*, leave us.

Julio. With all my Heart, and be very thankful, for I am sure I'm quite sick of these ridiculous Doings.

[*Exit Julio*]

Outs. You have forgot, I suppose, the Business you employ'd me in this Morning; but I don't wonder at it, for Men of your Wit and Genius are often a little absent. Did not you intreat me, pray, to find out for you whether *Flaminia's* Intention of marrying you was out of Affection to you, or from any other Motive, for that you should despise her Person if you was not sure of her Heart?

True. I remember it well, Sir.

Out. In consequence of this, I took occasion to communicate your Scruple to Sir *Simon*, which touch'd him to the Quick; I'll wager my Life, said he, that no Consideration in the World could oblige her to think of any other Man; I shook my Head, and was mute at that, as was right I shou'd you know. How, said he, do you question it? If you do, I'll give you Proof of it. Upon this we agreed that he should appear at once averse to you, and propose another Match to her, which he should represent as much more honourable and advantageous; and then said he, you'll see how sincere her Affection is for *True* more, you'll see with what Indignation she'll reject the Proposal.

True. Is this possible— my dear Friend, I beg ten thousand Pardons. I blush for my mean Suspicions of the generous Friendship.

Outs. As we were talking of this, *Violetta* came in and overhearing, I suppose, the Affair by halves, she founded this chimerical Message upon it.

True. Nothing more certain.

Outf. Besides, that *Violetta* has a teeming Brain of her own, I don't say any thing to make you uneasy; but the most venomous Poison comes from Female Serpents.

True. How! have you any Reason to suspect *Violetta*?

Outf. I can't tell, I know the World pretty well, but no matter for that; if you still hold your Intention of marrying *Flaminia*, I beg you'll be a little more politick for the future; if this Secret between us should come out, all our Designs are frustrated at once.

True. I confess my Folly, I own my Temper is too impetuous, I'll be more on my Guard.

Outf. But hift, here comes *Violetta*, that Girl is too subtle for our plain-dealing Tempers, she is come to pump us now you'll find; be on your guard, be sure.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Viol. Ah, ah, are you together, Sirs? this is lucky enough; well, 'Squire *Truemore*, has your charitable Friend there told you the News of the Day yet?

Outf. [*Aside to True.*] Say nothing.

True. No, what News?

Viol. I am glad of it, I'll tell it you my self then: My good Master Sir *Simon*, you must know, Sir, is determined you shall have nothing more to say to his Daughter; for he has provided a much more deserving and noble Gallant for her.

Outf. [*Aside to True.*] Just as I told you.

True. No sure, my pretty *Violetta*, not so, I hope.

Viol. What, do you make a Jest of it? 'Tis Fact, I assure you, Sir, ask your worthy Friend there, he'll be my Witness, 'tis he himself, you must know.

Outf. True, true, my Dear, 'tis I my self indeed. *Truemore* knows it already; and yet we are nevertheless Friends you see?

True. Not in the least, o'my Conscience, ha, ha, ha!

Outf. Ha, ha, ha! no, not in the least, my Dear.

Vial. Oh, nay, then I am satisfied, 'tis very generous and noble of you, to give up your Mistress so very peaceably to your Friend.

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True. Oh, no, *Violetta*, I am in the highest Despair at the very last gasp about it. Ha, ha, ha!

Outf. Ha, ha, ha! but come, come, *Truemore*, we have other things to think on now.

True. Right—farewel, my dear Child; be of good Courage, do you hear?

Outf. Adieu, fair *Violetta*, may you never look less wise than you seem to do at present.

[*Exeunt True. and Outf. laughing.*]

Viol. Hey! What's this? I can't be awake sure. No, no, 'tis nothing but a Dream, I am given to walk in my Sleep it seems; and yet my Eyes are wide open too. Um, I shall have a very pretty Account to give my poor Mistress here.

Enter FLAMINIA.

Flam. So, *Violetta*, hast thou seen *Truemore* yet?

Viol. Truly, I can't tell whether I have or not. I saw something that look'd like him, and heard something that spoke like him. But o'my Conscience 'twas only a Fiend in his Shape.

Flam. Ha! What's the matter then? I am afraid my Father's Account of him proves but too true. He assur'd me to-day, you know, that I was greatly deceiv'd by him, and that he had long ago been engaged to another.

Viol. I know he did. Oh the Villain! now I begin to think I am awake; nay, if that be the Case, I don't wonder at his Behaviour.

Flam. How did he behave, pr'ythee? 'Tis in vain for him to dissemble any longer. If he thinks to impose upon me by a counterfeit Affection, he'll find himself mistaken.

Viol. No, no, no, Madam, I see nothing of Counterfeit or Dissimulation in him, I assure you; not the least, he is quite frank and plain; I met him here just now with *Outside*, when I took the Opportunity of letting him know how things went amongst us at present.

Flam. Very well.

Viol. Upon which truly, they both set up a loud Laugh,

Laugh, sneer'd at me for half an Hour, and then march'd off with an Air of Triumph and Contempt.

Flam. Faithless Man, now my Suspicion is confirm'd.

Viol. For my part, I am confirm'd in nothing.

Flam. Why truly, *Violetta*, I think there is nothing certain in the World, and the most constant of Mankind have more Inconstancy than the Winds or the Waves.

Viol. True, Madam, and yet though we know that, we won't avoid them; why, Madam, when they once lay hold of us, 'tis as impossible for 'em to help deceiving us, as it is impossible for us to help being deceiv'd by 'em.

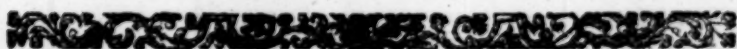
Flam. Well, I'll hear no more about them, nor think no more of 'em if possible; they are all Monsters, and as such I will fly, renounce, and detest them.

[*Exit Flam.*]

Viol. Yes, yes, we know what these Protestations will come to--- expire in Sighs, Sobs and Tears. Why now let the Fellow squeeze out but one plausible Lie, or one hypocritical Tear, and she'll fly into his Arms again. What a mighty simple thing is Love, and what a Variety of Absurdities does it make us guilty of! Fond one Hour, affronted the next, squabbling this Moment, kissing the next; squabbling again and kissing again: Jealous without any Grounds, and credulous without any Assurance, and last of all, and most silly of all--- Matrimony. Well, all I say is---

Did Love, like Agues, ever intermit?
How shou'd we blush in Absence of the Fit,
For the strange Follies that we then commit.

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A C T IV. S C E N E I.

FLAMINIA and VIOLETTA.

Flam. **F**ORBEAR, *Violetta*, to speak of him to me any more, your Labour's all thrown away, I assure you.

Viol. But, Madam——

Flam. I tell thee I'm determin'd, and the whole World shall not shake my Resolution. I'll now willingly comply with my Father's Request, and marry *Outside* to-morrow.

Viol. O'my Conscience you are both Lunaticks, and ought to be confin'd, or you'll do your selves Mischief.—But now, Madam, suppose he should come to his Senses again.

Flam. That's what I want ; my utmost Wish is to let him see, that I am not behind-hand with him in Indifference. O the Joy it would be to me to see him at my Feet again, that I might spurn him from me, enjoy his Anguish, laugh at his Complaints, and shew him by a perfect Serenity of Behaviour that I am as insensible as he is false.

Viol. [*Aside.*] Hah! How the pretty Thing's Blood boils in her Veins now.

Flam. In the mean time, if you should see him, inform him of my Resolution, assure him, that I'm determin'd to submit to my Father's Disposal of me, and that I'm so far from being the least chagrin'd by his Infidelity, that I was never in better Temper, or more pleas'd in my Life—be sure you tell the Villain that.

Viol. Well, if I must tell a Falshood, I must then, since you will have it so ; but see here comes your Father, and your new Paramour with him.

Enter Sir SIMON and OUTSIDE.

Outf. No, Sir, you must yet give me leave to retreat, I would rather suffer a thousand Deaths, than be the Occasion of one Moment's Uneasiness to the amiable *Flaminia*.

Sir Simon. Psha, Psha, have done with these Scruples, good Mr. *Outside*,

Outf. O! the Lady is here, and I'm rejoic'd I have an Opportunity of bringing this Business to an Eclaircissement ; my worthy Friend, your good Father, Madam, had, out of excess of Goodness, intended me the Felicity of being your Slave for Life ; but I acknowledge my self unworthy of so divine a Blessing. *Truemore*, Madam,

is much more deserving of that Honour, he has Perfections that infinitely transcend any thing I can pretend to ; and therefore no wonder that you give him the Preference.

Flam. I give him the Preference, Sir? you are greatly mistaken--- I haven't the least Regard for him, I assure you.

Outf. I beg Pardon, Madam, I don't know what Dislike you may have conceiv'd against him, but I thought he had been a general Favourite of the Ladies.

Flam. I am not a Stranger to his Conquests, Sir ; he's a modish Lover I know ; however I freely give up my Share in him. A Man that endeavours to please every body, can please no body.

Outf. Elegantly said, Madam! what Wit and Judgment, Sir *Simon*! She takes after you.

Sir Simon. Why, ay, ay, the Girl is like me indeed ; she has it here as well as I. [*Pointing to his Head.*]

Outf. Well, Madam, I shall open my Heart to you, with Frankness and Sincerity. In the first place then, the whole Happiness of my Life consists in seeing you happy ; but alas, I know my self too well, to hope that I could make you so—I can pretend to nothing, but a little Sincerity and Good-nature, and a Soul intirely wrapt up in you, and your noble Father here.

Viol. [*Aside.*] O the Rascal !

Sir Simon. D'ye hear him, d'ye hear him, Child? ah Modesty always accompanies true Merit.

Outf. I must declare, Madam, it would be worse than a thousand Deaths to me, to see you another's ; but if one of us must be miserable, I had infinitely rather it should be my self than you.

Sir Simon. Ah, honest Heart, good Heart, what d'ye say to this now? What's your *Truemore* to him? A Thief, a Varlet, a, a--- I don't know a Name bad enough for him.

Outf. Hold, Sir, I can't bear to hear my Friend spoke so disrespectfully of.

Viol. Pray, dear, charitable Sir, who pretend such a World of Goodness; is it out of pure Friendship then to *Truemore*, that you endeavour to get his Mistress from him?

Sir Simon. Will you be meddling again, you Slut?

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Outf. Oh dear Sir, don't be angry with *Violetta*, she must have her Jest; but she's an excellent Girl for all that.

Viol. [*Aside.*] And thou art an excellent Rogue, I'm sure.

Sir Simon. Well, Daughter, I'm transported that you begin at last to think, as you ought to do. Well, leave us now, Lovey — and you, Mrs. *Minx* too, if you please; but hark'ee Child, you'll be convinc'd very soon, what a rare Treasure a wise Father is. [*Exit Flam. and Violetta.*] But hold, here comes *Truomore*, I'm glad on't, I'll give him his Discharge, I'll send him away with a Flea in his Ear.

Outf. [*Aside.*] This is unlucky; I'm afraid I shall have a difficult Scene of it here.

Enter TRUE MORE. [*Running to embrace Sir SIMON.*]

True. Dear *Sir Simon*, let me embrace you, I can't express my Joy at meeting you in Health and Happiness once more, nor my Gratitude for the many Favours you daily load me with.

Sir Simon. Sir —

True. Yes, Sir, this last Proof that you have taken the pains to make of *Flaminia's* Constancy to me, is of all others the most —

Sir Simon. Hold, hold, Sir, before you go any further, pray let me understand what you have said already. I say, Sir, I wou'd know what you would be at, Sir.

Outf. O, *Sir Simon*, don't be in a Passion, Passion is the worst thing in the World for the Health.

True. Hey-day, where are we now?

Sir Simon. Why then, Sir, without the least Passion, Sir, give me leave to tell him — I will, I say — Yes, to tell you, Sir, that you wou'd do me a very great Favour in giving over all Thoughts of my Daughter, and sparing me the Honour of any more Visits.

True. What, Sir? is this to me, Sir?

Sir Simon. Yes, Sir, to you Sir, to you your self, Sir.

True,

True. And pray, what have I done, Sir, to deserve this Treatment?

Outf. Dear Gentlemen, how comes this Misunderstanding between ye?

Sir Simon. What have you done, Sir?

Outf. How much better and happier it is for People to live in Harmony together?

True. I have never merited such Usage, Sir.

Outf. That's what I say, I am astonish'd at this, I scarce know where I am, the World's full of nothing but Slander and Falshood, sure.

Sir Simon. Why, Mr. *Outside*, didn't you tell me your self that ———

Outf. O! ah, I did tell you ———

True. Sir, Sir, what's this to the purpose?

Outf. [*Aside to Truemoore.*] I'm only endeavouring to calm his Rage. [*Aside to Sir Simon.*] Enough, enough, you have acted like an Angel. [*Aside to True.*] Don't answer him any more. [*Aside to Sir Simon.*] You have said enough, I wou'd be above talking to him any longer.

Sir Simon. You say very right, Mr. *Outside*. Well, Sir, Fare-you-well, Sir, you may see out for a Mistress some where else, my Daughter is better dispos'd of, so you are quite at Liberty, quite at Liberty to make your Market where you can, and so your very humble Servant, Sir. [*Exit Sir Simon.*]

True. In the Name of Mystery, what's the Meaning of all this?

Outf. I am struck dumb with Surprise!

True. At the very time that you your self inform'd me of such an Instance of his Regard for me, to find him in this Temper.

Outf. O you had only the Sprinkling of his Passion, the Storm of it had burst upon me before.

True. But what Motive is there? What Reason has he for this?

Outf. That's what I am labouring to discover; there are some about him, that are no Friends to you, I'm afraid.

True. I'm distracted; I'll see *Flaminia* directly, and learn of her ———

Outf.

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Outf. I think you have undergone enough from the Father for one Day, without exposing your self to her ill Usage too.

True. What's that you say, *Charles*?

Outf. I say, Sir, that People who would reckon right, ought to reckon upon nothing at all: 'Tis but an Hour ago I thought every thing safe, and here's all turn'd from white to black again. I had been encountring both the Father and Daughter about it just before you came, who abus'd you in the basest manner in the World. He bel- lowing and thund'ring like a mad Man; she railing and staring like a Fury: at last flinging herself at her Fa- ther's Feet, she implor'd him with Tears in her Eyes, never to let you see her more.

True. I am thunder-struck! perfidious Creature! Is it possible so base a Soul can skulk under so beautiful a Frame?

Outf. Nothing more common, my Friend, as Swans that have the fairest Feathers, have nevertheless black Skins beneath 'em.

True. After so much Constancy, so much Tenderness, so much Affection—

Outf. Right, and a Man of your Figure, Family, and Reputation too; a Man courted by all the World, a- dor'd by every Body, to be made a Bubble and a Pro- perty of by a young Jilt, and an old Baboon; I'm in such a Fury I can't contain my self; I'll quit the House to-morrow, and have nothing more to say to 'em.

True. May I be made an eternal Jest of, if I don't do the same.

Outf. You are in the right to resolve bravely never to see her again. However, if you choose it, why should I persuade you from it? and now I think of it, you had better—come, I'll bring you to her, that you may—

True. No, no; I foresee the Consequence, and am fully determin'd ——— Hah? Here she comes.

Outf. Fly then immediately, come along; why don't you move?

True. Which way? Whither? How!

Outf.

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Outs. Any way, any way, do but move, why don't you stir?

True. Because I can't; or if I did, it would be only to fly into her Arms.

Outs. [*Aside.*] Confusion!

Enter FLAMINIA.

True. Madam, your Servant.

Flam. Yours, Sir.

True. Don't you know me, Madam?

Flam. O Mr. *Truemore*, is it you? I protest I did not know you; I had not seen you so long, and not thinking of you —

True. 'Tis possible, Madam, I as little thought of you —

Flam. Oh, I don't doubt it, Sir, and 'tis what I of all things desire.

Outs. Come, come, my Friend, and you, fair Lady, this must not be suffer'd; 'till you can meet on fairer Terms I must keep you asunder; 'tis a strange thing People can't live in Friendship together, because they can't immediately agree to marry one another.

Flam. I assure you, Sir, I never intended to purchase that Gentleman's Friendship at so dear a rate.

True. I know it, Madam, and am glad to hear so frank a Declaration of it. Ah, *Charles*; I'm now convinc'd of the Truth of all.

Outs. I can't help thinking this the most singular Case in all the World; to see two People of equal Merit and Virtue, of the finest Wit, highest Politeness, and most refin'd good Sense perpetually contesting and at difference with one another.

True. There's not the same Antipathy between all Hearts, thank Fortune.

Flam. I know very well that there is'nt, Sir; in one thing at least we agree then, and upon that let us part. [*Going.*]

True. [*Laying hold of her.*] Stay, Madam, and before we part for ever, I must insist upon knowing the Reason of your Conduct towards me, if any Reason can be given.

Outs.

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Outf. [*Parting 'em.*] Hold, hold, Sir, I mustn't suffer this; the World shan't accuse me of permitting things to come to such Extremities.

True. I would only know, I say —

Outf. No, no; I tell you.

Flam. Pray, Sir, give the Gentleman leave to act as he please, and say what he please; it won't give me the least Disorder, I assure you.

Outf. O, nay Madam, if it be what you desire — I didn't know it indeed — I find now that all your Quarrel was only to have the Pleasure of coming to an Agreement again. Isn't so, Madam? And is not that the only thing you wait here for?

Flam. Do you think me capable of such Meanness, Sir? if you do, I'll soon undeceive you. Farewel, Sir, for ever; if you want any farther Satisfaction, your worthy Friend there can give it you, he is acquainted with the whole Affair. [*Exit Flam.*]

True. [*Aside.*] Ah! What did she say? I'm afraid I've been too credulous, but I must stifle my Suspicion.

Outf. Well My Friend, I think we have topt our Parts, hey? Didn't you see how she was stung with your seeming Indifference? Keep up that Spirit but one Week longer, and I'll ask no more of thee; [*Aside.*] for by that time I hope to gain my Haven, and then can securely smile at the Storm.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Viol. Sir Simon and my Lady are waiting for you yonder, Sir.

Outf. Where are they, *Violetta*?

Viol. In the Garden; they bid me desire you to come to 'em there.

Outf. [*To Truemore.*] I'll go to 'em and bring the Affair once more on the Carpet; go you directly home, and I'll come and inform you of all that passes. Don't stay a Moment with this Gipsy, I must go this way, do you go that. Your Servant. [*Exit Outf.*]

Viol. [*Looking after Outside.*] Very well, Mr. Rascal, you are not yet where you think you are. [*To Truemore.*] Harkee, you, Sir, with the sorrowful Countenance.

What,

What, are you sneaking away speechless now like a poor Poet when his Play is damn'd? Come hither, will you?

True. Well, *Violetta*.

Viol. No, 'tis ill, *Violetta* — I have been listening to the Conference between you and your worthy Friend that just now left you: Ar'n't you really ashamed of your self? I'm sure I am ashamed for you. A Man with no more Eyes than a Mole might see thro' such a Cobweb Cheat: To be made such a Tool, such a Property of! But I'll have nothing more to do with it, and so fare you well.

[*Going.*

True. Stay, *Violetta*, I'm afraid I have been deceiv'd, and must beg of thee to help extricate me out of the Labyrinth I'm got into.

Viol. Yes, to be sure! I have nothing else to do but to botch up your Blunders: No, I'll sooner be a Mule, a Spaniel, a Worm: What, after so many repeated Cautions to be made an Ass of by a Fellow that is but an Ass himself, to be tongue-ridden by a surfeiting, fawning Parasite, to be cheated both of your Mistress and your Senses with your Eyes broad open — Ah, you may well hang your Head — What, make more court to your very Rival than you do to your Mistress!

True. How! Rival!

Viol. Yes; Rival, I say. Rival, Rival, do you know what that means? one that is to be marry'd to *Flaminia* to-morrow, as certainly as you might have been to-day, had not your own Folly prevented it.

True. Fury and Distraction! If this be true, I'll have my Revenge this Moment.

Viol. Ay, do; break the Glasses now, kick the Chairs about, overturn the Tea-Table; why don't you begin? 'twould be worthy of you I'm sure, and then you'd act just as prudently in your Anger, as you did in your Love.

True. Dear *Violetta*, don't make a Jest of my Torture; deliver me from the Perplexity I'm in, and make thy own Terms; I'll deny thee nothing upon that Condition.

Viol. Very well; I'll trust to your Honour for once, which is more Credit than you deserve tho'.

True.

True. But what's to be done, dear *Violetta*?

Viol. Oh, how sweet you are all of a sudden; to be done? Why we must pluck the Vizard off this hypocritical Rascal.

True. But how, pr'ythee?

Viol. Why, his *Valet de Chambre*, you must know, has a little Inclination towards your humble Servant, Sir. I have taken Advantage of that to wheedle something out of him already; and since Flattery's the Fashion, e'en let it go round: But we lose Time in prating here. Your Mistress is alone in the next Room, go directly and make your Peace with her; in the mean time I'll— But hift! I hear somebody; O 'tis *Outside*; get you in, I say. [Exit Trumore]

Enter OUTSIDE.

Outf. I could not find Sir *Simon* in the Garden, *Violetta*.

Viol. No! he was weary waiting so long, I suppose, then.

Outf. Where's *Trumore*?

Viol. I don't know indeed; he's gone from hence; we don't desire his Company here.

Outf. These Lovers are always tilting at one another; I came to accommodate Matters between 'em, if possible.

Viol. 'Um; I should wonder if you could.

Outf. Say'st thou so, *Violetta*?

Viol. I do indeed, and think so too.

Outf. Hah! 'tis a strange Affair! *Flaminta* indeed seems greatly engag'd.

Viol. Oh horribly!

Outf. But you'll endeavour to appease her, fair *Violetta*; you was born for good Offices.

Viol. I appease her; not I indeed; I tell you I hate the Man, and I'll go to my Lady this Moment, and effectually prevent his coming hither any more. And so your Servant, Sir. [Exit Viol.]

Outf. Ahah, goes it so? Nay then we have both Wind and Tide turn'd strong in our Favour. I was only afraid of that crafty Baggage opposing us: Well, 'tis our Business then to spread our Sails and make way; And,

And, since Fortune proves propitious this Hour, to prevent any Mischief from her Caprice the next.

Enter JEFFERY.

Jeff. Sir, Sir; one Word with you, if you please, Sir.

Outs. Well, Sir; what is your important Business, pray? What's the meaning of that mysterious Face of yours, now?

Jeff. Why, Sir, I am come to inform you, as I thought it my Duty to do, that this same *Jew* of a Scrivener, has no more Conscience nor Humanity, than to insist upon being paid his five hundred Pound; and as you have no other Moveable to seize but your own individual Person, the implacable Barbarian has sent out a whole Army of Officers in quest of you.

Outs. A Brute! And pray how did you hear this?

Jeff. Why his Lawyer, Sir, whose Wife, between us, has a little sort of Kindness for my Person, came just now and gave me notice of it.

Outs. And hadn't you the Sense, Blockhead, to tell him of this Match, and that as soon as it was over---

Jeff. Ha, ha, ha! you must pardon my laughing, Sir: Why, Sir, they are all as great Infidels in that respect, as I my self am.

Outs. I must appease the Villain by some means or other. Hearkee, *Jeffery*, go find him out instantly, and tell him I have a pressing Occasion for a hundred Pound more, which I desire him to send me directly.

Jeff. Sir! How's that?

Outs. I bid you tell him, that I want a hundred Guineas more, and bring me his Answer this Moment.

Jeff. Oh, Sir, I can tell you what I shall bring for Answer before I go.

Outs. What's that, Sir?

Jeff. Why, a broken Head, Sir. Ha, ha, ha! a very curious Secret indeed, to pay a Man by borrowing more of him.

Outs. How can I do better? Sir *Simon* is determin'd to put an end to this Affair to Night, and I must not be without Money on my Wedding-day; and as I have none my self, I think the greatest Secret is, without the least Hesitation to borrow it of others.

Jeff.

Jeff. True, Sir, very true indeed, Sir, therefore be pleas'd to go your self, Sir; and if you bring the Gold along with you, I shall conclude you have found out the Philosopher's Stone.

Outf. No, Sir; I have Business enough besides, and here take this Writing, 'tis for a thousand Pound, which you may leave in his Hands as a Pledge for the Payment—But hold, dare I venture so great a Trust in such a Rascal's Hands—yes, better than venture my own Person—That would blast all—I must risk any thing now to prevent a Discovery—here, Sirrah.

Jeff. [*Looking on the Writing.*] S'blews, Sir, a thousand Pound! But, Sir, this same Writing here—

Outf. What of it?

Jeff. Isn't there a little Finesse in the Case? something that's call'd Forgery in *Westminster-Hall*—Ah, dear Sir, don't engage in such a dangerous Trade.

Outf. You Sot, be gone, and leave the rest to me, here's somebody coming upon us; you that way, I have Business here. [*Exit Outf.*]

JEFFERY reading the Writing.

Jeff. Hang me, if I an't afraid to carry this Bond. A Thousand Pound! why Sir *Simon* wou'd as soon part with a Thousand Drops of his Heart-blood; besides 'tis dated, I find a great while ago, and my Master to say nothing to me of it all this while! there's Knavery in the business that's certain; I wish I was fairly got out of his Service, and had some little Employment equal to my Merit; but Merit, alas! Merit is quite neglected in this villanous Age.

Viol. Oh, Mr. *Jeffery* your Servant, I have n't seen you this Age, I think.

Jeff. Oh, dear Madam, I'm proud you think the time so long.

Viol. What Paper is that you have in your Hand there? a *Billet-doux*, I suppose.

Jeff. No, my fair one, I have broke off all Commerce with *Billet-doux*; I'll never receive one again, but from you, Mrs. *Violetta*. I am so entirely yours,
my

my Dear, that I hate the very Sight of all the rest of your Sex.

Viol. Ah, you flattering Creature; you was certainly made for the Ruin of us Women. Well, I have often thought it a horrid Shame, Mr. *Jeffery*, that one of your uncommon Abilities and Genius shou'd be condemn'd to the servile Business of a *Valet de Chambre*.

Jeff. 'Tis very cruel, extremely cruel indeed, my Dear: But one must do as one can, when one is not born to do as one would.

Viol. That's beautifully said, but I must still think it a very great Hardship. What, a Person of so many and so polite Accomplishments!

Jeff. Ah, you flatter me, Mrs. *Violetta*.

Viol. So gallant.

Jeff. You do me too much Honour, Madam.

Viol. So discreet.

Jeff. Oh, fy, fy, you ridicule me, indeed you do.

Viol. To sacrifice, out of pure Modesty, the very Flower of his Age to the Service of an ungrateful Master.

Jeff. Ay, I'm too modest, I know I am much too modest; but I can't help it; and he's as ungrateful, that's true enough; for I'm sure I have receiv'd no Returns from him for all my Industry, but my daily quota of Kicks and Cuffs.

Viol. Come, come, you must submit to it no longer, I have better Fortune for you in view; harkee, can you read?

Jeff. Why yes, tolerably well, if I take time to't.

Viol. And write too.

Jeff. Why ay, pretty nigh as well as read.

Viol. Good! You must know then, that there's a distant Relation of my Lady's that wants a Steward, now I am a great Favourite with him, and can persuade him to any thing: You shall be the Man, Mr. *Jeffery*, he isn't one of the wisest Men of Quality that is indeed.

Jeff. No, no, I don't suppose he is, he would not keep a Steward, if he was.

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Viol. But that will be never the worse for you.

Jeff. True, true, so that if I manage things but rightly, he may come to be my Steward at last ; but, Mrs. *Violetta*, I must first stay till this Wedding be over.

Viol. What Wedding?

Jeff. Why between my Master and your young Lady, for my Wages you must know are assign'd me upon that.

Viol. Your Master's a Knave, and you are impos'd on, Mr. *Jeffery* : He marry my Lady!

Jeff. Yes, yes, I have very good Reason to be convinc'd of that ; I have a Writing here in my Hand sign'd by Sir *Simon*, that puts it beyond dispute, no less than a thousand Pound Penalty, my Dear.

Viol. What, Sir *Simon* bind himself under that Penalty? Dear Mr. *Jeffery*, have a Care what you are about ; if my Master's Name be to it, it is a Forgery depend on't ; and do you know what will become of you if it is found upon you? O dear! as cruel as you have prov'd to me, I should break my Heart to see you hang'd.

Jeff. Why truly, I have had some Suspicions of that kind, and tremble at the very Thoughts of it.

Viol. Leave his Service then directly, and get under my Lord's Protection. Well, but now pray let's cast an Eye upon that same Bond you was speaking of. [*Taking the Bond.*] [*Aside.*] Hah! O my Life 'tis my Master's Hand; this is fortunate indeed — harkee Mr. *Jeffery*, step with me into the Garden, and I'll put you in a way of making both your own Fortune and mine. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter FLAMINIA and TRUEMORE.

True. **D**EAR *Flaminia*, no Words can express my Gratitude, for your so generously overlooking a Rashness which I can never forgive my self.

Flam.

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Flam. I shan't forgive your making any more Apologies; now I'm satisfy'd of the Cause of your Conduct, I'm pleas'd at the Thoughts of it. Jealousy before Marriage is as true a Mark of Love, as afterwards 'tis of Disesteem.

True. Generous Creature! But I can't help blushing, when I think how I have been impos'd on by a hypocritical Villain; deluded by the base Pretences of a vile Impostor.

Flam. There we have both been culpable alike; but who are always guarded against Treachery and Fraud? We shall have ample Revenge on him, however,—let us think of nothing now but which way to open my Father's Eyes; O here comes *Violetta*, we must have her Assistance in it.

Enter VIOLETTA and JULIO.

Viol. Soh! Now you look both of you, as if you were come to your selves once more. I have had blessed Patients of you indeed.

True. We won't forget our Doctor.

Viol. But stay a little, you have another Pill to swallow yet, O here my old Master is bringing it for you; but leave it to me, I'll gild it.

Enter Sir SIMON.

Sir Simon. Heyday! Heyday! What are you all about here, pray? O is it you, Sir, I thought I had made you acquainted with my Intentions, and I matter'd my self, Sir, that you would have observ'd me a little more punctually.

True. I am no longer unacquainted, Sir, with the Cause of your ill Treatment of me; you have been misled by the Artifice of a crafty insinuating Villain, who has basely betray'd you under the Mask of Friendship; as I was caught in the same Snare myself, I know the better to disentangle you, and if you'll give me leave, Sir——

Sir Simon. No, Sir, I won't give you leave, Sir; give me leave to tell you, Sir, that I am not a Man to be contradicted, that I am both too Old and too

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Wife to stand in need of a Tutor; and that I know the Gentleman I have fix'd on for a Son-in-law to be a Man of Worth and Honour.

Julio. Harkee, old Savage, you great Men are fit for nothing I find, but to make great Fools of; I tell you he is false, he isn't what he appears to be, and if we had him in our Woods —

Sir Simon. Hold your peace, Varlet, or I'll —

Flam. But, Sir, will you give up your self to be made a Prey of?

Sir Simon. Silence, Mistress, I'll hear no more of your Impertinence.

True. Only hear me, *Sir Simon.*

Sir Simon. No, no, no, I am not such a Fool.

Viol. Why, Sir, are you mad?

Sir Simon. You'll split my Skull, you Slut.

Viol. Why, here's the thing now? You won't let one speak, and then quarrel with one for what one never intended to say. You imagine, I suppose, we were going to say that this poor Mr. *Outside* had undermin'd his Friend, deceiv'd you, and injur'd your Daughter; but we say no such thing, all we say is that if any Man was to be convicted of such a Behaviour, he wou'd be a Villain, a Traytor, an Impostor, a Scoundrel that ought to be flung out of the Window — Pray, Sir, isn't that true?

Sir Simon. Ay, ay, true; but what's that to the Purpose? I hope you won't say, Mr. *Outside* has done any thing like this.

Viol. Oh, no, no, I don't say that; but if it were so that one could prove such an Affair upon him, you'll give me leave to say, that he would be a very infamous Fellow.

Sir Simon. Idle Stuff; prittle, prattle; the thing is incredible, impossible.

Julio. Impossible! Why, I can prove it on him my self this very Moment; hear me now, and if I don't, I'll give you leave to hang me up on the highest Tree in your Country.

Sir Simon. Out of my Presence, Sirrah — Stand from before me, I tell you; have you the Impudence Blockhead, to stare me full in the Face?

Viol. Peace, peace, *Julio*, you are mistaken indeed. *Outside* is a Man of Honour and Sincerity, and has nothing but my Master's Welfare at Heart; I am sure on't: Nay, Madam, don't smile. What, tho' every body knows he's a mere Beggar, and has neither a Foot of Land, nor an Ounce of Money in the World, and for that Reason affirm, 'tis for your Wealth only he would marry you: What's that to the Purpose? I'll lay my Life now 'tis out of pure Friendship to my Master.

Sir Simon. I don't understand what the Slut would be at.

Julio. Nor I neither, I'm sure; nor I never shall understand what any of you would be at. Harkee, *Violetta*, why do you talk at this rate? don't you know that he's a Knave, and that —

Viol. Hold your Tongue, 'tis all a Mistake; 'tis all Envy, Sir; you know more than all of us put together; and if the whole World was to accuse him, so you but approv'd of him, I should still think him perfect.

Sir Simon. She says right; the Wench has more Sense than I thought she had.

Viol. For Instance now, they accuse him of having drawn you in to bind your self, either to give him your Daughter, or to forfeit a thousand Pound upon Failure of it: This they say was a villanous Trap, and meant to insnare you. Now, I say, I am certain, that he would give you up the Bond this Moment, if you desir'd it of him.

Sir Simon. No doubt of it at all; I'll answer for that.

Viol. Let us try him then; I'm sure he won't refuse it. He must be a perfidious Wretch indeed if he did: What say you, Mr. *Truemore*? What say you, Madam?

True. } To be sure he would.

Flam. }

Viol. And what say you, Sir?

Sir Simon. I can swear that he would do it, as I can

can that all that is said against him is nothing but Falshood and Malice.

True. You know but little of me, Sir; if you imagine —

Sir Simon. I desire to know no more of you, Sir. Daughter, be you ready to marry Mr. *Outside* this very Night: After that, Sir, you may come hither, or let it alone, as you please; I shall not hang myself for the Loss; and so Good-by t'ye, Good-by t'ye. [Exit.]

Flam. Oh, *Truemore*!

Viol. Fear nothing, Madam; the Attack was vigorously made; he was forc'd to leave the Field you find; let us after him, and give him no time to rally; stay you here, *Julio*, and if you should see *Outside* bring him to us. [Ex. Flam. and Violet.]

Julio. Ay, ay; if I see him, I'll give him his own for a Traitor as he is; O here he comes, I'm glad of it.

Enter OUTSIDE.

Outf. Soh! Now I think I am secure, and may defy Disappointment; *Sir Simon* is resolv'd to have us marry'd this very Evening, and the happy Hour draws on apace. *Phæbus* is hurrying down the Sky to his *Thetis's* Arms, and I hope to rise with him to-morrow from my *Flaminia's* — O *Julio*, art thou here! come hither, *Julio*, I have a great Friendship for thee, thou art an honest Fellow.

Julio. Ay, and I wish you were so too.

Outf. What dost mean by that, *Julio*?

Julio. Step in here and you'll know what I mean; there's my Master and Mrs. *Flaminia* are giving a fine History of you to the old Savage within, and I'm only sorry that *Violetta's* Fool enough to take your Part.

Outf. [*Aside.*] Confusion! *Truemore* with 'em? I dread the Consequence; however I'm glad I have got *Violetta* o'my side; she's fond, I find, of this Creature; I can easily win him over too, and that will be a means of keeping her. [*Aside.*] Well, my dear

dear *Julio*, as *Violetta*'s my Friend, I hope you'll be so too, and ——

Julio. Not I indeed; as well as I love *Violetta*, I love my self better, and won't do my self so much Mischief as to be false and treacherous.

Outf. 'Tis all Malice, *Julio*; I am highly injur'd, and am innocent of whatever they charge me with.

Julio. If you are innocent, why are you afraid? Truth wants no Friend — For my part, I wish my Mind was as naked as my Hands and Face, and I should neither be asham'd nor afraid of having it seen — But as for you, I know you to be false; what say you to that, now?

Outf. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath, I must take some other Method with him — Well, *Julio*, if I am what you think me, it is my Interest to be so, and I ought to follow that, you know; for you your self just now own'd, that you lov'd no body so well as your self. Now suppose I cou'd make it thy Interest to join with me?

Julio. How, what's that? Can it be any Man's Interest to be base, false and dishonourable?

Outf. Psha, psha! Those are only bugbear Names to frighten Fools with; the wise and discerning only laugh at 'em.

Julio. Bless me, what a Country am I got into? What shameless Animals am I brought amongst? I shall certainly be devour'd by some of 'em at last.

Outf. Come, come, *Julio*, be guided by me and I'll make thee happy; assist me in my Project of marrying *Flaminia*, and thou shalt wallow in Gold.

Julio. I tell you, Friend, I'll have none of your Gold; what should I do with your Gold?

Outf. Do any thing, ev'ry thing, all things, my dear *Julio*; it supplies all the Defects both of Body and Mind; and will purchase ev'ry thing that's valuable in Life, Titles, Honour, Fame, Friends and even Mistresses.

Julio. Ay! and could I purchase my Honesty with it again?

Outf. The Reputation of it which is the same thing; every body will think you honest, if you are but rich.

Julio. But shall I think my self so?

Outf. What's that to the Purpose, pr'ythee?

Julio. How! could other People's Thoughts make me happy when I condemn my self? Go, go, you're a Fool, I tell you.

Outf. Thou art the Fool to think me so; 'tis nothing but the Prejudice of thy poor Education.

Julio. No, Friend, 'tis the Prejudice of Nature and Reason, yours is the Prejudice of Education: you must have tutor'd your self with a Vengeance before you could break your Nature, and get rid of all Truth and Honesty thus — Harkee, don't you hate and despise your self now? wou'dn't you be glad if any Body would cut your Throat for you, hey?

Outf. No, Sir; but I shall cut yours for you, if nothing else will do [*Drawing his Sword*] Promise me this Moment, to comply with what I ask, or thy Life shall be the Forfeit.

Julio. Looke, Friend, I am no more to be frighted out of my Honesty, than to be flatter'd out of it, for I believe you are as great a Counterfeit in your Courage as in your Friendship for that matter, and one is no more to be fear'd, than the other to be depended — However, take my Life if it will do you any good, for I'm sure, if I was to be the Villain you'd have me, 'twould do me no good afterwards.

Outf. 'Sdeath, I shall be corrupted by him if I hearken to him any longer; fly my Sight then this Moment, or I'll hew thee piecemeal.

Julio. With all my Heart, I desire to have nothing more to say to you I assure you — But harkee, Friend, I fancy you won't be able to fly your own Sight, and much good may d'ye with such scandalous Company. [*Exit.*]

Outf. What shocking Truths has that Creature utter'd! How divine a Bliss is conscious Innocence! But hold, I mustn't be preach'd out of my Purposes by a Natural. Curst, curst Fortune, a few Hours more, and I had been out of thy Power. However, if I am discover'd, I have not lost every thing, a thousand Pound will help alleviate my Grief. They'll
 endea-

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endeavour, I suppose, to get this Pledge from me if they can, but there I shall be a Match for 'em. I must find out *Jeffery* this Moment, and see that it be safe. Ha! here they are upon me! How shall I escape? I tremble at the very Sight of *Truemore*; but I must stand it now and brave it out to the best Advantage.

Enter Sir SIMON, TRUEMORE, JULIO, FLAMINIA, and VIOLETTA.

Viol. Oh, here he is—Now, now we shall see; now we'll shew them how they are mistaken in the Man, Sir; they shall see how readily he will give up the Bond now.

True. Can the Villain have Confidence enough to stand my Presence? 'Sdeath the very Sight of him will unsheath my Sword.

Enter OUTSIDE.

Sir Simon. Oh, Mr. *Outside*, I'm glad you are here, that you may vindicate yourself; they have been pestering me with such horrible Lies of you, that I'm almost ashamed to tell you of 'em; of your injuring them, and imposing upon me, forsooth, whom you know never was to be impos'd on in my Life—But still they go on, you have seduced me truly, they say, to give you an unreasonable Bond, which you know was nothing more than necessary, and that if I was to ask you to give it me up you'd be chok'd, they say, before you'd do it; but I don't believe 'em; no, no, I don't believe a Word on't.

Outf. [Aside.] Soh, 'tis as I fear'd, 'tis well I've got my Bond secure, I should make but a scurvy Figure here else. Very well, Sir, I understand you, this is talking very speciously, but I see through your Aim, Sir, and guess whom I may thank here for it; but the Bait is too gross, Sir, to surprise me into the Snare.

Sir Simon. Lack, lack, I only speak after them, I tell you, I don't believe a Word on't.

Outf.

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Outf. I desire, Sir, we may break off this disagreeable Conversation, and since you give ear to every Slander——

True. Sir, Sir, can you deny your Treachery? can you see me without blushing, and——

Outf. No more of this, if you please, Sir; I shall take another time to explain my self to you—and for you, Sir *Simon*, since you treat me in this scandalous manner, since you think to bubble me, make a Tool of me, I know what Measures to take—I am here, by your Appointment, ready and willing to take your Daughter: If you think proper to give her me, well—if not, you know the Terms between us.

True. Soh!

Viol. I find I was mistaken a little in this Affair, Sir.

Outf. Every Man ought to have his own—you have your Daughter, and I my thousand Pound—at least will have soon.

Julio. Oh lud, oh lud, oh lud! what a Rogue is here? all our Woods cou'dn't furnish the Fellow of him.

Viol. What can a body say to this now, Sir?

Sir Simon. I can say nothing at all, I hear nothing at all, I see nothing at all, nor I understand nothing at all—Why, you horrible, flagitious a—a—a—Flatterer, I can say nothing worse—I'll flea the Villain alive, and——

[*Drawing his Sword, they prevent him.*]

True. Good Sir *Simon*, forbear, he's a Wretch too vile for your Notice, he breathes Infection, and to cope with him would be contending with the Pestilence.

Outf. Truce, with your Invectives, sweet Sir, or you may be made to answer 'em: As for you, you poor ridiculous, old, conceited Bubble, I shall fight it out with you in *Westminster-Hall*.

Sir Simon. Well, well, if I should lose my thousand Pound I shall come cheaply off, to get rid of such a Villain at the same time.

Outf. If you are satisfy'd, Sir, I am, I assure you, and so Gentlemen and Ladies your most obedient—
Ha, ha, ha!

Viol.

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Viol. Hold, Sir, stay one Moment, I have a Secret to let you into that may be of considerable Service to you—— When you have Cunning enough to get Bonds from any body, for the future, have the Cunning too to keep 'em in your own Possession—— I think this is the Writing you seem to depend on so much, and thus I return it to the injur'd Donor.

Omnes. Hah !

Outf. Perdition ! I'm betray'd.

Sir Simon. How ! my dear Bond, my sweet Bond, my precious thousand Pound, art thou come to me again ? I'm glad to see thee with all my Heart, let me hug thee, let me kiss thee.

Viol. You ought rather to kiss me, Sir, for getting it.

Sir Simon. Adad, and so I will, tho' I han't kiss'd any body for this forty Year. [*Kissing Violetta.*] O my Troth 'tis a sweet Wench, I could kiss her again with all my Heart.

Viol. That's more than I can say by you I'm sure.

Julio. Well, Friend, you see now what all your false Doings and fair Speeches have brought you to : Hearkee, if I might advise I would have you go and live in our Woods for some time, and learn, for the future to speak as you think, you'll then have no occasion to look so pitiful and silly as you do now.

Sir Simon. No, no, take my Advice, d'ye hear, Mr. Sugar-Lips, and now you are set free from this Bond get one of another sort, and tie yourself up to the first Tree you come at.

Viol. Well, I wonder how you can triumph over the Distress'd in this manner ; for my part I pity the poor Gentleman heartily, and I really think, Sir, you should give him his Bond again, or put him out of his Pain some other way.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

[*During these Speeches they surround him, and he struggles to get from them.*]

Outf. [*Breaking from them.*] Furies, give me way, or I'll force my Passage, and may endless Anguish, Shame and Confusion be the Portion of you all. [*Exit.*]

Sir

Viol.

Sir Simon. Well, Mr. *Truemore*, I own I have been in the wrong, and I'm quite ashamed on't, but I'll give you my Daughter directly, and I hope that will make some amends for my unworthy Treatment of you; and tho' you have had the Misfortune to lose part of your Wealth, I'll give her enough to make both of you happy.

True. If there was no Obstacle to my Wishes, Sir, but the Report of my ill Fortune, I could soon have remov'd it, for I assure you the Loss by the Shipwreck is all a Fiction, and spread abroad by me only, to prove more effectually the Sincerity of *Flaminia's* Affection.

Sir Simon. Well, I ask a thousand Pardons, Mr. *Truemore*, endeavour to forget my Behaviour, do— Ay, do, Mr. *Truemore*, I meant you no ill for my part, in the least, but I look'd on you as a half ruin'd Man, and for such a one, the fewer he has to provide for, the better— In that Case a Wife would only have ruin'd you t'other half; here, take my Daughter as a Surety of our future Friendship, and Heav'n bless you both together.

True. With Transport I receive the lovely Pledge.

Viol. Right, right, now, this is something like, hey, Madam? This is all as it should be, is it not, Mr. *Truemore*?

Sir Simon. But, hearkee, *Violetta*, by what Means didst thou get me this Bond again, hey?

Viol. By the same means, Sir, that he got it from you— almighty Flattery, Sir. I wheedled the Servant out of his Master's Knavery, as the Master wheedled you out o' your Senses.

Sir Simon. Well, thou art an excellent Wench, and shalt be richly rewarded. I could almost find in my Heart to marry her my self for it.

Viol. Yes, that would be a rich Reward indeed.

True. Here's honest *Julio* too, has been of Service to us.

Flam. He mustn't go neither without his Reward.

Julio.

Julio. I want no Reward, for my part, if you'll only let *Violetta* there be mine, that's all I desire.

Flam. I am willing, if *Violetta* gives her Consent.

Viol. Lard, how can I possibly think of that? what shall I do with the harmless thing? I'm afraid he wou'd not know what to do with me neither.

Julio. O never fear that, dear Sister Savage.

Viol. However, Madam, since you command, I must obey, I think— But there will be Money wanting on this Occasion; are you rich, *Julio*?

Julio. No, I'm poor — So my Master tells me, but for my part, I know nothing of the matter.

Viol. How wilt thou maintain a Wife then, and provide her with Clothes and other Requisites?

Julio. Clothes, why, she shall do as we do in our Country, go without any.

Flam. O fy!

Julio. Well, if that won't do, she shall have mine, and I'll go without any my self.

True. But this is not allow'd in our Country.

Julio. No — well, Harkee, *Violetta*, do you love me?

Viol. Why, ay, I think I do begin not to dislike thee much.

Julio. Come along with me then, I'll take you to a Country where we shall have no need of Money to make us happy, nor Laws to make us wise; our Friendship shall be all our Riches, and Reason our only Guide; we may not say a great many fine things but we'll take care to do 'em.

Flam. Don't be uneasy, you shall have *Violetta*, notwithstanding your Poverty; I'll take care of you, you shall want for nothing.

Julio. Let us hear no more then of your Laws, your Arts, or your Sciences, for they are good for nothing, by what I have seen yet, but to give Knaves an Advantage over honest Men, and Fools Authority over wise ones — No, no, let us go, and enjoy our selves, and be as happy as Nature and Common-Sense can make us.

True.

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True. Bravely said, honest *Julio*, we'll all endeavour
the same; and let us rest convinc'd from this Ex-
ample, That tho' Fraud, Artifice and Flattery,

Like dazzling Meteors, with false Lights, awhile
May the benighted Traveller beguile;
Pals a few Moments, and they're sure to fail,
Whilst Truth and Virtue to the last prevail.





EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. CLIVE.

LET's see — I've got two *Epilogues* To-day,
 Suited as you should *Damn* or *Save* this Play.
 Hold! which is this? the *damn'd One*! ay, that's it,
 The properest now, I think — What says the *Pit*?
 I told him how 'twou'd be, still he went on,
 At last indeed he gladly would have sneak'd away, but
 things were too far gone.
 What did you mean? said I — I meant no Ill,
 I've pleas'd before, and hop'd to do so still:
 Ill-judging Mortal! pleas'd indeed before!
 For that, you know, you'll damn him ten times more.
 You treat poor Poets as you treat your Wives,
 Are wondrous fond at first, then plague 'em all their Lives:
 And, troth, were I in their Place, I'd still write,
 As Wives still talk and wrangle — out of Spite.
 But stay — 'tis time to think what I must do
 With these twin *Epilogues* — Why ay, that's true.

[Going forward.] *But, Gentlemen and Ladies, as I was
 assur'd this Play was certainly to be Damn'd, I have
 only studied one of the Epilogues; however if, contrary
 to all Expectation, it should chance to succeed, I'll have
 the other ready by the Author's Night. But now hear
 what a furious Taking the poor Mortal's in; he supposes
 his Play is damn'd you must remember.*

Ye cruel bloody Criticks of the *Pit*,
 Who kill and quarter all that you think fit,

'Tis

E P I L O G U E.

'Tis a hard Case when a poor Wretch has sweat,
 And rack'd his Brain to make a Play compleat,
 And we, to get it up, come shiv'ring hither,
 Thro' Cold and Wet for Forty Morns together,
 Not to be heard at last. ——— Well, 'tis our Care,
 Our constant Toil to please the Brave, and Fair:
 Ladies, our Bard, with humble Rev'rence, says
 Chiefly for You he has written all his Plays;
 Cautious that no loose Scenes should e'er appear,
 Or Line be spoke which you might blush to hear;
 By Virtuous Arts he always strove to please,
 And scorn'd to make your Pleasure your Disease:
Your Pardon then at least he hopes to have,
 Who never did *Condemn* when you might *Save*:
 We're sure you cannot see a guiltless Play
 Judg'd; Cast, and Executed in one Day:
 Come and Reprieve it some few Nights, and then,
 Gad! we'll defy the World to keep away the Men;
 So Ladies, if you smile, To-morrow will be acted
 This again.



F I N I S.



acted